LOOKING FORWARD

IT IS CONCEIVABLE, if I should be asked a thousand years from now, in some other incarnation perhaps, to give my recollections of these present years, that I should remember current happenings dimly. 1931? I should be forced to think. Had Hoover come or gone, then? Was business good or bad, that year? The answers would be indistinct, even as the events of A. D. 931 do not come tripping to my tongue, nor the name of the King of France that year.

BUT ONE THING I am persuaded I should still remember. About that time, a girl from Maine set eight words on paper that expressed completely —for me, anyway—the keen grief that slices at the heart when memory goes back to beloved relatives or companions who have met a tragic death. On the fly leaf of a book of poetry stand these eight words, inscribed to the poet's own friend, tragically dead. They read:

"When I think of you,
I die too."

NOW I HAVE NO STANDING among the poetasters, nor the critics of the art of verse. For poets themselves, not even the faintest shred of authority can attach to my words. But to me these words of Edna Millay are made of deathless stuff. In my imagination, I can see them chiselled on the headstones of humanity's grave-yard, whether on the raised white graves of coral, tropical islands, or the dark headstones upon Icelandic hills. Come upon in the valleys of Greece they would speak as poignantly to a traveler from Chicago as ever they might to any Athenian. A stranger from the Ganges could read them on a headstone set upon a hill above a New England town, and his own thoughts would travel back to India.

IT WAS JOHN MASEFIELD in *Biography* who first called our attention to humanity's damnable habit of regarding existence as merely divided into little slabs of time ticketed to spell a mathematical whole; whose sum total disregarded completely all the things that give life real meaning. Lists of dates and facts instead of,

"The day on which, beneath an arching sail,
I saw the Cordilleras and gave hail;
The summer day on which in heart's delight
I saw the Swansea Mumbles bursting white,
The glittering day when all the waves wore flags
And the ship *Wanderer* came with sails in rags."

OF ALL THE MONTH OF APRIL, a thousand years from today, probably I shall remember only Edna Millay's eight words. And not all the clowns from now to a thousand years will be able to laugh them out of me.

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

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Next Week in the Outlook

All Cops Are Grafters. By One of Them.
A dramatic confession by a police sergeant who places the blame for lawlessness on the citizen who tries to insist on being "above the law."

Famine in Arkansas. By Charles Morrow Wilson.
Adversity struck Arkansas with a plague of drouth, depression and bankruptcy, but Arkansans tightened their belts and are now pulling out of the depths. A vivid article by an Arkansan who helped in the relief work.

Royal Intrigue in Roumania. By Konrad Bercovici.
The third installment of this serial tells of the escapades of Carol, that royal and democratic philanderer, who had Roumanian politics almost under his thumb until his foes introduced the red-headed Mme. Lupescu.

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"MOANIN' LOW"

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

April 22, 1931

Trend of the Week

Alfonso Abdicates

ALFONSO of Spain played high, wide and handsome—and lost. The thirteenth Alfonso sprang rom Bourbon and Hapsburg ancestry, ame upon the throne shortly after the urn of the century and was ruling like Romanoff long after most other kings ad been stripped of their power or heir crowns. Though beset on many ides before then, Alfonso brought bout his ultimate downfall by estab- shing a dictatorship in 1923 under Pri- o de Rivera, whom he used as a tool to trengthen his hold upon the army, only o find that he was losing all hold upon e people.

The tide turned even more sharply owards a Republic in 1930 when de ivera was replaced by General erenguer, ostensibly to liquidate the ictatorship, actually to renew a fast ipping grip upon the army itself. Un- st and open rebellion marked the last x months of Alfonso's rule. More and ore monarchists joined the Repub- cans. Less and less trust could be laced in the army. He was ever at the oss-roads, with both paths leading to estruction. He had the choice of being itched out by force if he held on dic- torially or by ballot if he granted arliamentary government. Calling par- amentary elections for March, calling em off in February, he made a last aring thrust by forming a monarchical binet but, when the Republicans won erwhelming victories in the municipal ections of April 12, he found his ose was cooked. Finding himself ressed on all sides, unable to save his rone, Alfonso sought to save his head y abdicating.

The immediate result is that Spain ill be a Republic. This does not neces- rily mean that Spain is through with onarchical government for good. A public has been set up there before, dy to fall before the monarchical tradition. Only time will tell whether this tradition was destroyed by Alfonso's highhandedness.

Ticket-Running

WHEN, A FEW WEEKS AGO, the Woods family of Buffalo won $860,000 in the Irish Hospitals' sweepstakes, we raised the question why American laws should scowl at honestly conducted lotteries of this sort. Since the sweepstakes ticket provides such a charmingly harmless form of gambling, since the average American is a gambler at heart and since the laws are unenforceable, there seemed little reason for their existence.

If the futility of attempts to enforce the customs laws against the importation of these tickets was evidenced by the Woods' venture, it was indicated again on April 11 when the Aquitania docked at New York. But for a broken bottle of Irish whisky, a theatrical producer by the name of Fish probably would have cleared his baggage containing 1,000,000 tickets for another sweep- stakes sponsored by the Irish hospitals. As it was, a customs inspector sniffed the spirits, dug more deeply into Mr. Fish's trunk and spied the slips. Thus, fortuitously, the nation was rescued from a flood of tickets which would have sold for $2,500,000.

Here was a voyager whose earnings on one bundle of tickets would have ap- proached the half million mark had he slipped by, while the losses involved in being caught were little more than the cost of printing more tickets. Economically, ticket smuggling is a thousand times more profitable and less hazardous than liquor smuggling. With a public demand for foreign sweepstakes tickets and a handsome profit for the vendor, despite our laws the number of tickets which will be sold here this year will be determined solely by the amount of money available for that form of investment.

For the Jobless

"LAW IS LAW," Secretary of Labor Doak points out in defending his campaign to rid the country of aliens who have en- tered illegally. We don't deny it. Who could? Yet we fail to see how it adds anything to the Administration's effort to reduce unemployment by means of the deportation laws.

The Labor Department gives credence to the estimate that 400,000 aliens are here illegally and that 100,000 are sub- ject to deportation. With much ado Mr. Doak himself informs us that the doubled and redoubled efforts of his Department from mid-January to April resulted in the deportation of 1,100 aliens in the New York area alone and that many of those deported "left jobs vacant for worthy citizens in need of employment." Yet, getting down to bed rock, it seems that the Department with all its proud zest will deport but 20,000 aliens during the fiscal year ending on June 30, 1931—only 8,000 more than it deported in the boom year which closed on June 30, 1929. Assuming that Sec- retary of Commerce Lamont was right in estimating the nation's unemployed at 6,000,000 and that each of Secretary Doak's deportations means one more job for the worthy citizenry, the Labor De- partment on June 30 would have the glory of providing jobs for one-three- hundredth of our unemployed. As a measure to relieve unemployment the drive is not worth considering. Evi- dently, the Administration has reached the last straw in its stack of pretenses about what it is doing for the jobless.

Lucas and Young Voters

WE DO not know whether or not the Re- publican party gets its deserved propor- tion of the young men and women who become of voting age each year, but we are willing to accept Robert H. Lucas's idea that it doesn't. We are not, how-

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ever, impressed by his reasons—the radical tendencies of youth and radical influences in our schools and colleges. It strikes us that there may be a better reason in Mr. Lucas himself and the kind of politics he stands for.

For example, how is an intelligent and idealistic young man or woman to feel on noting that, despite Mr. Lucas's recent back-stabbing in Nebraska, he still holds his job as executive director of the Republican National Committee? Would this condition attract him or her to the party responsible for it?

Or take another case. Mr. Lucas recently declared that Chairman Raskob of the Democratic National Committee would solve our economic problems by "(1) repealing the federal anti-trust laws and (2) offering every individual a drink." What Mr. Raskob actually proposes his letter to the Democratic committeemen will show. He is not "offering every individual a drink"; any one who wants one can get it now. He is advocating, and in effect he wants his party to advocate, a constitutional amendment which, if approved by two-thirds of Congress and three-fourths of the states, would permit wet states to become wet and dry states to remain dry with the coöperation of the federal government. Nor does he favor "repealing the federal anti-trust laws." He merely wishes to amend them so that they will still preserve competition and prohibit restraint of trade, but will permit business men with a merger problem before them to appear before a federal commission which, if it approves their plans, will issue a certificate of permission rendering them immune from criminal prosecution.

The merit of these suggestions does not presently concern us. What does concern us is that Mr. Lucas has misrepresented Mr. Raskob flagrantly and, it would seem, deliberately. It is this sort of thing that keeps young voters away from any party, Republican, Democratic or whatnot, that indulges in it.

▶▶*Hoover to the Red Cross*

President Hoover opened his current series of early campaign speeches with a "spiritual values" address praising one of his own policies by praising one of the policies of the Red Cross. We are sorry to say that it leaves us very cold. Mr. Hoover believes that the Red Cross has handled the problem of relief for two million drought-sufferers in first-rate fashion; that in refusing congressional aid the Red Cross avoided the creation of a government dole, prevented itself from becoming a mere government bureau and preserved a precious force in our people—"their ability and strength of voluntary action and their sense of service and of moral responsibility." Since "a great spiritual value comes to those who give from the thankful heart," Mr. Hoover told the Red Cross members that they had "renewed and invigorated the spiritual life of a nation."

We do not believe that the Red Cross would have established a federal dole

Wide World

STILL IN OFFICE
Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee

system or become a mere government bureau if, in order to relieve suffering as quickly as possible, it had accepted an appropriation from Congress. We believe that it could have accepted the appropriation in view of the extreme suffering and the extreme business depression and then have returned to a basis of voluntary contributions. We believe that the Red Cross injured its reputation by permitting itself to become part of the political effort to belittle the emergency, by declaring that it had funds enough to care for the hungry and then inconsistently launching a drive for contributions from a financially fagged public, and by failing to complete this drive for weeks after the scheduled date, though the $10,000,000 requested amounted to but two dollars and fifty cents for each of its 4,000,000 adult members. Perhaps the Hoover and Red Cross way was the better way to give spiritual strength to Red Cross contributors, but we believe the other way would have been the better way to give food to starving men, women and children.

▶▶*Emmerson's Blunder*

Vetoing the bill to repeal the Illinois dry law, Governor Emmerson made himself the laughingstock of state and nation. Illinois is incontestably wet. That has been evidenced time and time again; it was clinchingly evidenced last fall when the state's wet representatives in Congress were trebled and the soaking wet Democratic candidate for Senator, James Hamilton Lewis, was elected in preference to the straddling Mrs. McCormick, who carried but three of Illinois' 102 counties. Indeed, Governor Emmerson himself admitted it when he said in his veto message that "a majority of the people of this state are dissatisfied with conditions in this country which have followed the Eighteenth Amendment and the enforcement act under it." Nevertheless, he vetoed the repeal bill, though he said he would feel compelled to sign it if a referendum clause were included.

Governor Emmerson cannot get away with that. He knows as well as any one that Illinois has had several referendums on prohibition, that these referendums have brought repeated wet majorities, and that, specifically, Illinois voted for repeal of the state enforcement act in a referendum last November. All his twisting and turning cannot change that fact. Moreover he merely inspires ridicule by branding the repeal act as "nullification" which does "not afford a solution of the liquor problem." As is well recognized, the solution of the liquor problem lies in repeal or revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. As is equally well recognized, repeal of the state enforcement act provides a direct road to that goal. Otherwise the Anti-Saloon League would not fight so desperately to keep the state act on the books.

Though contemptuously thwarting the will of the Illinois electorate, Governor Emmerson's veto merely postpones the inevitable. The people of Illinois are so dead-set on repeal of the state act that it is only a matter of time before they have their way. Governor Emmerson is not only inviting defeat for himself should he go to the polls again; he is inviting defeat for the entire Republican ticket in Illinois in 193

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He has taught Illinois and other wet states that the will of a wet electorate cannot be entrusted to any office-holder except those whose wetness is beyond question.

▶▶*Life of a Pretender*

When Prince Henri of Bourbon-Orleans, Count of Paris and son of the pretender to the French throne, was married to his cousin, Princess Isabelle of Orleans-Braganza, representatives of Europe's reigning houses and the flower of European aristocracy gathered at the Cathedral of Palermo in Sicily. Moreover, hundreds of monarchists with no little inconvenience made the journey from France to see the wedding procession pass and to demonstrate their loyalty to the young bridegroom, whom they regard as the rightful heir to the French throne. They pressed dangerously close to the bridal couple with songs and with shouts of "Vive le Roi, Vive la France," falling on their knees and attempting to kiss the royal hands. An impressionable onlooker with no knowledge of current history might have judged that the French republic was tottering and that a monarchist régime would be reëstablished any day. A well-informed onlooker might have thought he had stumbled onto the first act of a play.

It is strange to think that enthusiastic loyalist demonstrations still occur in this realistic world. One cannot help wondering what royalists think about; above all, what a pretender to the throne of France thinks about. Does he think of holding himself in readiness to seize the throne when a time arrives which will never arrive? It might be rather a pleasant life—keeping up social contacts, conferring with royalist leaders, taking oneself seriously, waiting to assume crushing responsibilities which will not have to be assumed, confident that much pomp and wild popular demonstrations will attend all the major occasions in one's life but that they will be followed by no tiresome obligations. There are probably times when any of the sure enough kings remaining today would be only too glad to change places with a pretender.

▶▶*Plot of the Year*

Although April is too early to say for sure, there can be little doubt that the Russian newspaper *Pravda*, official organ of the Communist party, will be the outstanding plot-discoverer of 1931. Its charge that the operations of our Federal Farm Board were secretly designed to form the basis of a commissariat supply for an army to invade Russia under French command takes rank with the best plot-discoveries of the past few years. In 1928, it will be recalled, American Protestants exposed the plot of American Catholics to build a 5,000-mile tunnel to Rome so that the Pope might creep unobserved into the White House when Smith was elected President. The next year was a lean one, though some sleuths did smell a Democratic thrust at Mr. Hoover in the crash

MOSCOW DISCOVERS HOOVER-LEGGE 'PLOT'

Soviet Paper Gets 'Sensational' Report of 'Plan' to Feed an Interventionist Army.

BUT THE MOVE 'FAILED'

And 'Hoover Had to Let Legge Go,' New York Communist Writes to the Soviet Journal.

By WALTER DURANTY.

Wireless to The New York Times.

MOSCOW, April 9.—A sensational charge that the operations of the

Plot-of-the-year

of the stock market. But 1930 brought a fair crop of plot-discoveries, with the prize finally going to Archbishop Diaz of Mexico, who announced that Americans were attempting to implant Protestantism in Mexico as a means of gradually absorbing that nation into the United States.

Pravda credits its discovery to its New York correspondent, who is given the name of Wilson. Under a double-column front-page headline, "How the United States Prepared Intervention," Wilson erects the plot on the fact that Mr. Hoover gave the chairmanship of the Farm Board to Alexander Legge, president of the International Harvester Company, which, Wilson says, lost $40,000,000 in the Russian revolution. It seems that the Hoover-Legge combination, having obtained $500,000,000 from Congress ostensibly to relieve American agriculture, went to work and by the end of 1930 held "seven million tons of wheat, cotton, dried fruit, milk products, meat, wool, tobacco, rice, beans, etc.—in short, an ideal commissariat supply." Moreover, Mr. Legge hid the extent and variety of his purchases and stored the supplies in Atlantic ports, though storage charges were higher there, in order that they might be shipped quickly to the army held in leash by the French General Staff. The plot came to grief, however, on the exposure of the intervention plans last fall and the consequent treason trial in Moscow. Mr. Legge's resignation from the Farm Board is proof enough of that. Well, anyhow, it's proof enough for *Pravda*.

▶▶*What of It?*

The Navy League of the United States is worried over the prospect awaiting us in the world disarmament conference scheduled to be held at Geneva next year. Its theory is that Britain, France, Italy and Japan are lining up for small battleships with no more than twelve-inch guns, whereas larger battleships, say of 35,000 tons with sixteen-inch guns, are necessary if we are to have adequate naval support for our national policies and interests. It maintains that, because of our industrial development and our new dependence on far-flung regions for foodstuffs, raw materials and markets, "insular America is coming into an economic relationship to the whole world analogous to that insular England formerly held in Continental Europe." For instance, "it is in Malaya, on the other side of the world, and in transit thence, that Akron-owned rubber plantations and their products require safeguarding rather than in Ohio." Without large battleships, if one is to believe the league, the United States would be helpless against Japan in Asiatic waters and against Britain, with her many naval stations, everywhere except near our own shores. Thus, the conference will find the interests of this country pitted against those of four other major powers.

Well, what of it? A conflict of interests is to be expected in a disarmament conference; otherwise it could be held over the telephone. Even if large battleships are as indispensable to us as the Navy League claims, ours is not the only nation which desires a type of warship undesired by others. France, for example, wants submarines, about which Britain and the United States care little. Moreover, both the London and Washington conferences found American desires opposed by those of

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Britain and Japan, but in neither did we come out at the little end of the horn. Disarmament conferences are largely a matter of give and take, a game which the American plays as well as the other fellow. In fact, if the United States alone desired large battleships our representatives would have a strong point upon which to bargain for concessions all down the line.

▶▶*Flexes Few*

THE TARIFF COMMISSION still resembles a woodpecker in the act of demolishing the Great Wall of China. It will be recalled that, early last summer, when the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill was pending in Congress, its apologists assured us that the flexible provision of the bill would prove a miracle worker. Empowering the President to raise or lower specific duties up to fifty per cent on the Tariff Commission's recommendation, this provision was ballyhooed as a sure-fire gadget for removing every abomination logrolled into the tariff law. Through it the Tariff Commission was to make speedy and wholesale rate reductions which would place the obnoxiously high tariff act on a scientific basis.

So much for the forecast. As we predicted, it has proved nonsensical. Early in February—eight months after the passage of the tariff law with its 887 increased rates—the commission endorsed the duties on two products and recommended five changes which were approved by President Hoover. One duty was actually raised. Four were lowered, but only one of them was lowered below the level of a year ago. Next, in March, on the commission's recommendation, Mr. Hoover lowered the duties on felt hat bodies, finished hats and cheap edible gelatine, but raised the duties on Fourdrinier wires, used in paper making, cylinder wires and wires used in their manufacture. Finally, on April 7, he rejected the commission's recommendation for lower duties on cherries, sulphured or in brine, and on prepared or preserved tomatoes.

This, so far as we know, is the Tariff Commission's record to date. The woodpecker's pecking leaves the tariff wall as it was and the flexible provision is a flop.

Keystone

MILITANT WET

Mrs. Charles H. Sabin of the Women's Organization for Prohibition Reform

▶▶*Women Wets and Drys*

MRS. HENRY W. PEABODY, chairman of the bone-dry Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement, declares that it represents organizations with 12,000,000 members. This may seem to be, but it is not, the same as saying that it represents 12,000,000 dry women voters or even 12,000,000 women. There is undoubtedly a great deal of overlapping in the memberships of these organizations, with the same names appearing on several of the rolls. Again, even if they had 12,000,000 women, it would be ridiculous for them to claim them all as dry voters, both because there are differences of opinion on prohibition within their ranks and because the figure 12,000,000 signifies more than a third of all American women of voting age, including those who do not vote and those who are not allowed to.

We make much of the 12,000,000 figure because much was made of it on April 10, when affiliates of the committee appeared at the White House, handed Mr. Hoover their "women's postscript to the Wickersham report" and pledged themselves to support his stand on prohibition. Hasty readers of Washington dispatches might have concluded that there are 12,000,000 members of women's organizations ready to vote for a dry presidential candidate next year. Only careful readers would note that among the organizations connected with Mrs. Peabody's committee are such groups as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which certainly must contain a large wet minority. This, as well as other things, makes one wonder just how many votes could actually be culled from the 12,000,000 membership for the support of dry candidates regardless of party.

Wide World

MILITANT DRY

Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of the Women's Committee for Law Enforcement

At any rate, the unimpressive dry demonstration on April 10 seemed still less impressive on April 14-15, when the wet Women's Organization for Prohibition Reform held its sessions in Washington, with Mrs. Charles H. Sabin as chairman. This organization was formed less than two years ago, on May 28, 1929, with a membership of sixteen. It now has about a quarter of a million members and, while the dry organizations are probably near their membership peak, it is gaining recruits very rapidly. A large proportion of its members are women of influence. They cannot be brushed aside as "tools of the liquor interests" when so many of them are directors of settlement houses, hospitals and other welfare organizations. Again, they have but a single aim—the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment—and not a multitude of aims like the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Their present purpose is to mobilize the support of women for wets in the primaries and elections of 1932. All things considered, shrewd candidates for national office might well prefer their support to that of Mrs. Peabody's Committee for Law Enforcement.

▶▶*Lynching Averted*

THE State of Alabama should be congratulated for attempting to prevent the

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lynching of nine Negroes who attacked two white girls, for actually preventing it and for providing the Negroes with a fair trial. Alabamans have for once stripped themselves or been stripped of their code of race prejudice and personal vengeance. Furthermore, the provocation in this case was extreme.

On March 25 Victoria Price and Ruby Bates were riding a freight train from Chattanooga, Tennessee, where they had found jobs in a cotton mill, to their home at Huntsville, Alabama, where they were to get clothes before going back to Chattanooga to work. Victoria was twenty-one and divorced; Ruby was seventeen. Both had worked by loom and spindle since the age of ten. Seven white boys beating their way south were with them in the gondola as the freight moved through Jackson County, Alabama. Suddenly nine Negroes swarmed over the side of the gondola armed with pistols and knives. Commanded to clear out, some of the whites climbed over the side and dropped to the roadbed; two or three were pitched over. One, it seems, was stunned and pinned down inside the car, two knives at his throat. Thereupon the girls were assaulted.

Word of the outrage spread quickly when one of the routed whites reached a telegraph station. Pulled off the freight at Paint Rock by a sheriff and posse of armed white men, the Negroes were hustled to jail at Scottsboro and soon surrounded by a thousand national guardsmen, who watched over jail and courtroom with rifles, tear bombs and sawed-off shotguns. There, on April 9, eight of the Negroes were convicted and sentenced to the electric chair by a judge who had ordered a retrial for the ninth —also convicted—and had appointed Jackson county lawyers on the defense counsel, which included six lawyers from Chattanooga. Whatever may be thought of electrocution for sixteen- and seventeen-year-old boys—the ages of two defendants—that is the law of Alabama, undoubtedly sanctioned by public opinion in that state. The remarkable phase, and the encouraging phase, of his flagrant case is not how the law affects the individual culprit, but the fact that Alabama has let the law take its course.

➤➤*Straw in the Wind*

Dr. Joseph Irwin France, gentleman farmer and former United States Senator, attracted very little attention outside Baltimore when he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for President, filed his papers in Maryland and declared he would soon file in other states. In fact, it is hard to see how any responsible person, declaring himself a presidential candidate, could have received less notice in the country's newspapers. But let not Republican leaders conclude from this that all's well within the party and that Mr. Hoover has nothing to worry about.

In its personal aspects Dr. France's candidacy is not important. He will probably receive no more serious consideration at the next Republican National Convention than he received in the convention of 1920, when he was also a candidate. But in so far as he is a symbol of conservative wet Republicans in the East who have lost patience with Mr. Hoover and all that he stands for, he cannot be disregarded. Dr. France is a bitter opponent of Mr. Hoover. He refers to him contemptuously, if indirectly, as one of the "self-advertised 'supermen' " and as one who "has lacked the candor and the courage to state boldly and clearly where he stands" on prohibition. He himself stands for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, deprecates Mr. Hoover's Farm Board, advocates recognition of Russia and opposes "all government interference with benevolent capitalism." In general, his position is the position of the average wet, conservative Republican, and it is the polar opposite of Mr. Hoover's position.

Wide World

CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT
Former Senator Joseph Irwin France of Maryland

Lacking a commanding personality, proved ability and political strength, Dr. France may attract few supporters among Republican wets, but there is no doubt that many of them will agree with everything he says as he goes campaigning through the land against the present Administration. Were he another Dwight Morrow he might win enough of a following among conservative Republicans to make Mr. Hoover's renomination impossible. As matters stand, he is a straw showing the direction of the anti-Hoover wind in the Republican party. But, showing its direction, he does not show its force. No one noting how casually Dr. France's candidacy was received by the country would realize how strong that wind has become.

➤➤*Downtrodden Men*

It has taken a woman, in the current *Harper's*, to point out that man is getting the short end in modern life. And rightly enough, for, if the observations of Alice D. Kelly, author of "These Downtrodden Men," are accurate, man is too downtrodden to be allowed a protest. A woman, according to this author, automatically obtains sympathy for her weaknesses and audiences for her alibis. A man does not. He must bring home the bacon whether or not he is physically or temperamentally fitted to do so. A man must "sell himself" somehow or other, must succeed in the face of discouraging competition, he must support his family in good style or lose its respect. For all this he will neither receive nor desire thanks; he is simply doing what is expected of him. This "is responsible for a great many cases of lunacy, drunkenness, and domestic desertion."

It is a point worth making, though like any good case it brings to mind arguments on the opposite side. Any thoughtful person recognizes that there are too many masculine martyrs to the present day gospel of financial success. That "there are engineers behind counters in shops, inventors who are selling bonds, artists who are teaching mathematics, and philosophers who are trying to manage chain-stores." On the face of it, marriage offers back-breaking responsibility to the average man, unless he has inherited some money, and it is not strange that a great many young men are afraid to face it.

Yet one wonders whether men are

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entirely the losers and women entirely the gainers that Miss Kelly pictures them under the modern régime of "succeed-or-bust." Perhaps the régime itself is at fault. If husbands were less intent on success, or if success were less standardized, there might be fewer wives getting through dull afternoons at bridge, or patronizing pseudo-psychoanalysts. There would surely be fewer widows, well-provided-for but aimless, recalling their go-getting but departed husbands and wondering what on earth to do for the rest of their lives.

▶▶*Restricting Oil Output*

TOGETHER WITH Senator Borah's reactions, the move within the oil industry to reduce importation and limit domestic production demonstrates the confusion of our economic thought and action. The oil industry proposes a stabilization plan wherein the legislatures of the oil-producing states would enter a compact setting up a super-state board to prorate oil production among the states. In each state the pro-rating of production among fields and companies would be carried out by agencies of the state government. The plan has the approval of the Administration generally and of Secretary of the Interior Wilbur specifically, but the hitch is that the interstate compact, if not the intra-state prorating itself, must be sanctioned by Congress in order to escape the ban of the anti-trust laws on agreements in restraint of trade.

Senator Borah enters at this point. It is his thesis that, if the federal government is to restrict the importation of oil and approve the restriction of production by the states, "then the government and the states will certainly be constrained to protect the public in the price it must pay for oil and the products of oil." It seems that the oil prices will be controlled, he says, "and, if they are to be controlled, they ought to be controlled by public authority." In his own words, "it is as practicable and quite as lawful to treat the supplying of oil to the public as a public utility as it is the supplying of electric power."

Granted. But consider the implications which Mr. Borah blandly ignores. If oil is a public utility, why not wheat? If the government is to limit the production of oil only on the understanding that it will control the ultimate price, why should it, through the Farm Board, attempt to limit the production of wheat without even considering the price of bread? If the oil plan threatens to lead that industry toward government regulation of prices, the logical end of Senator Borah's proposal would be similar regulation for other basic commodities like wheat and cotton. Again, if oil is to be treated like electric power, will not that road lead to demands for government ownership?

The confusion of business as to its policy toward the government is scarcely greater than that of the government as to its policy toward business. Both contradict themselves; both are inconsistent.

Boston Evening Transcript

The last laugh

Yet, whatever the decision of business, the government can expect chaos until it at least decides what public utilities are, when an industry becomes one, and what constitutes the government's general policy in relation to them.

▶▶*Chicago's New Mayor*

NEITHER the defection of Republican organization men nor the strength of the Democratic machine wholly explains the defeat of Big Bill Thompson. These things doubtless contributed to Anton J. Cermak's 200,000 majority on April 7, but the primary cause was disgust with Big Bill on the part of intelligent Chicagoans and their nausea at the thought of his administration, under which the name of their city has become a synonym for frenzied municipal finance and for organized crime, with politics, police and underworld tied into a tight alliance.

The Chicago election indicates how fortunate are those cities and states in which the two political parties are of approximately equal strength. In such cases there is a chance for the more intelligent minority to throw its support to one or the other candidate and thereby make itself felt. Chicago payrollers and many other machine Republicans were eager for four more years of Big Bill, as they proved when they renominated him for the third time in the primary of February 24. But, because of the strong Democratic minority in Chicago, intelligent Republicans, as well as independents, by supporting Cermak were able to slide Thompson out. It would not be so easy to expel a corrupt or incompetent administration in New York, say, which is one-sidedly Democratic, or in Philadelphia, which is one-sidedly Republican.

It seems to be generally agreed that Cermak is of somewhat better calibre than Thompson, if not very much. Despite the corrupting influence of prohibition, he can undoubtedly improve conditions in Chicago somewhat if he wishes to, and ordinary ambition, if nothing else, may make him wish to. With the eyes of the country upon him, Cermak has a chance to become a national figure by giving Chicago a decent administration. Particularly will he be judged by his record in the suppression of crime. This he seems to see. Hence, no doubt his promise that "Chicago is through with crime" and his reference to the possibility of putting the city on a law-and-order basis in sixty days, statement which, of course, must be read with tongue in cheek. Chicago's "pineapple" era may be ending, for all we know to the contrary. But the city is not through with crime. Not by a long shot.

▶▶*The Weeds of New York*

CONSIDERING the quickness with which municipal graft and corruption can take root again after an inquiry, there is naturally much skepticism as to the value of investigating a municipal government. The fact is, however, that this regrowth is a strong argument for rather than against, investigations, just as a new crop of weeds in the garden is an argument for more, rather than less weeding.

The legislative investigation of the New York City government is a case in point. Though the sweeping legislative investigation proper will not get under way for weeks, good results have already followed the limited inquiry into the city's lower courts, which was ordered

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by the State Supreme Court last summer on the recommendation of Governor Roosevelt. Hurried resignations of city magistrates and dismissals, demotions, arrests and convictions of patrolmen followed the revelations of this inquiry, but none of them was so dramatic as the developments of the second week in April. The first development was the arrest of Harry Stein, a racketeer with a court record, in connection with the murder of Vivian Gordon, who was found strangled and robbed shortly after testifying before the inquiry that she had been framed by a New York patrolman who was subsequently discharged from the force. Whether or not the police caught the right man or will amass sufficient evidence for a conviction, they have worked on this case with might and main. Undoubtedly the inquiry gave them added zest to solve the murder, if for no other reason than to clear their own department.

Another result of the inquiry was announced on April 11 when Police Commissioner Mulrooney cleared the vice squad of practically its entire personnel and ordered a new procedure for arrests in vice cases. Even with fresh faces and a ban on the use of stool-pigeons in making arrests, the new vice squad may find ways to emulate the old, but grafting and frame-ups in this section of the police department have been discouraged for the time being at least. The results of the limited, incomplete inquiry indicate that the full legislative investigation will be decidedly worth while.

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 576.

Raising tax rates does not now seem popular.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

In nine cases out of ten wealth is the greatest obstacle a boy must overcome. —ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Competition among us boys is wasteful. It's expensive; it results in duplication of services; and it brings prices down. What the hell!—AL CAPONE.

Prohibition is not a 100 per cent success.—SEN. SMITH W. BROOKHART.

I don't think there will be a thing in our country which you [Prince Takamatsu] will find any difficulty in understanding; it will all be so clear, so open . . . . Don't consult anybody about politics. Ask me, and you will get even more than a post-graduate course.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

If a man doesn't love a woman well enough to work for her, he doesn't love her at all. And that's that.—DOROTHY DIX.

I do not like weemen. I like little birds and flowers, and green grass and trees much better than I like weemen. —MAURICE CHEVALIER.

Marriage is a status of antagonistic coöperation.—JUDGE JOHN M. WOOLSEY.

A little necking, I am convinced, does no normal and healthy girl any appreciable harm.—H. L. MENCKEN.

My greatest mistake seems to have been that I was open and aboveboard about everything.—CLARA BOW.

Motion pictures are making the kind of persons one sees in motion pictures. —THEODORE DREISER.

Hugo Wuelfing, 1000 Lemcke Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind., $5 prize.

Miss M. Roberti, Paramount Hotel, New York, $2 prize.

Mrs. H. L. Erdman, 521 12th St. N. W., Canton, Ohio, $2 prize.

Dr. F. P. McNamara, 491 Alpine St., Dubuque, Iowa., $2 prize.

V. C. Hopkins, Orleans, Mass., $2 prize.

Miss Virginia Weekley, Pennsboro, West Va., $2 prize.

O. E. Gilleland, 1715 Martha St., Munhall, Pa., $2 prize.

Miss Eva Osterman, 125 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

Patrick Mancini, 557 Huron St., Erie, Pa., $1 prize.

G. M. Sassaman, 6919 N. Wister St., Philadelphia, Pa., $1 prize.

E. D. Garner, 45 Gale Road, Belmont, Mass., $1 prize.

▶▶*Blow to Death Penalty*

ADVOCATES and opponents of capital punishment have presented and represented their cases *ad nauseam*. How the principal arguments run every one knows—the death penalty is and is not a deterrent to murder; statistics do and do not show that capital punishment states have fewer crimes of violence than others; severity is and is not a necessary accompaniment of speed and certainty in the punishment of murder, and, finally, capital punishment is and is not opposed by public sentiment.

It strikes us that the whole question boils down to public sentiment. If public sentiment is overwhelmingly in favor of capital punishment, as it is in the South for the crime of rape, then there is no point in protesting against it. To discourage capital punishment in the South would simply be to encourage lynching. On the other hand, if public sentiment opposes capital punishment, the laws which provide it should be wiped off the statute books, for they will never be satisfactorily enforced.

When the matter so plainly comes down to public opinion, it is surprising that more states do not attempt to discover what the opinions of their people may be. We know of only one state, Michigan, which has recently put this subject to popular vote, though it is ideally fitted for a referendum. Not long ago the Michigan Legislature, with comfortable majorities in both houses, passed a bill, approved by the Governor, providing death by electrocution for all first-degree murderers, thereby restoring a penalty which had been established in 1846. One clause in the bill recited that before it went into effect it must be approved in a referendum, to be held on April 6. But when the referendum was held, the bill was decisively defeated. A majority of the people of Michigan disapprove of capital punishment and it is therefore obvious that the Legislature erred in passing the bill providing for it.

Other states might well follow where Michigan has led. We suspect that referendums would show a majority of many state electorates indicating their belief that capital punishment should be superseded by life imprisonment which really means what it says.

▶▶*The D. A. T.*

WRITING in the Decatur, Illinois, *Herald*, S. A. Tucker proposes the founding of an organization to be known as the Daughters of American Tories. Not that he has any bone to pick with the Daughters of the American Revolution, for they, says he, "constitute a magnificent organization, devoted to the idealistic purpose of celebrating the reckless, radical politicians and fighters who forced the war upon a reluctant country, fought and won it." Moreover,

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he admits that it is "a splendid thing to yield admiration to a crusading radical," that the homage of the D. A. R. helps to keep alive "the spirit of the fire-eating orators and all those classes who love to experiment with changes in the form of government," and that this is an admirable point of view, unconventional though it is.

At the same time, he argues, it does seem no more than proper to commemorate the substantial classes of Americans who were Tories at the time of the Revolution. Since they composed a large proportion of the judges, governors, military leaders, respected and conservative pastors, society folk and propertied classes of sober thought, their memory, too, is deserving of homage. Specifically, they should be commemorated by an organization which would represent the conservative point of view as opposed to the radical point of view commemorated by the D. A. R. Useful as are the "radicals and innovators in prodding nations to reform and to higher destiny," he says, "it must be recognized that conservatives are useful, also. It is necessary to have conservatives, to impose some sort of check upon the Patrick Henrys and the Samuel Adamses; to prevent too hasty or rash alteration of the Constitution, to guard the possessions already won by a nation while it reaches out for new objectives." This would be the function, this the platform, of the Daughters of American Tories.

Mr. Tucker makes a meritorious suggestion. Hats off to it. But Heaven forbid that the growth of the new organization ever diminish the power of the D. A. R. to encourage that radicalism which is so natural and becoming in young Americans.

▶▶*In Brief*

After that vagrancy case against Al Capone had been dropped the full-grown men who brought it presumably returned to their pastime of making mud pies . . . . Here's a New York noise investigator arrested for making too much noise. Which will give you a rough idea of how our anti-noise campaign is going . . . . No, that telephone employee who gave a subscriber the wrong country is not the same one who gave the New York headquarters of the courageously wet Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform the telephone number Wickersham 2-3611.

A Lesson of the Depression

An Editorial

Five months ago, Thomas W. Lamont, Morgan partner, declared in a public address that Congress had chosen a most inopportune time to hang the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill around the neck of the country, as it did on June 14, 1930. During the months that have elapsed since Mr. Lamont spoke before the Academy of Political Science it has become crystal clear that he said no more than the truth.

Not that his was the first voice raised against the tariff bill. Even while it was pending in Congress, at least a thousand economists had scored it as unwise and had been echoed by such conservative business men as the president of the American Bankers' Association and the sales manager of the General Motors Export Company. More important still, protests against the bill had come from thirty nations, some of which intimated that if we raised our tariff rates they would raise theirs and have since done so. But all these warnings were drowned in the clamor for higher rates by producers interested in the home market alone and by the Watsons and Smoots anxious to do their bidding. The average American paid such warnings little heed, convinced as he then was that the depression would soon be over and that, in any case, the tariff was a twice-told tale and a doubly dull one.

Not so today. As it dawns on the American that the depression which has been with us for eighteen months threatens to linger a good deal longer, he begins to open the mind he closed on this tariff question. He begins to see that the tariff affects him very closely. Going full blast, with unemployment at a minimum, our country produces more than it can consume. Hence its economic health depends on its ability to dispose of goods abroad.

For years the American idea has been to increase our exports as much as possible while decreasing our imports as much as possible. Our whole attitude is well indicated in our recent relations with Russia, to which we have been attempting to sell ever more and more while we use tariffs, embargoes and whatnot to permit her to sell us ever less and less. The scheme won't work any longer as far as Russia is concerned —she has said so quite bluntly—and neither will it work any longer in relation to the rest of the world. Two can play at the tariff game, other countries tell us, and so tariff breeds tariff and our export trade feels the consequences.

It comes down to this: We must buy abroad to sell abroad and we must sell abroad to live in the manner to which we have been accustomed. Other things being equal, few nations can rival us in the never-ending, high-pressure drive for world-trade, since few have our natural resources, our mass-production methods and our ability to finance customers. "To America more than any other nation belongs the harvest of world trade," declared Paul M. Mazur in his Outlook article of June 18, 1930. "To limit our export trade is to limit our future."

But limiting our export trade is precisely the effect of such skyscraping tariff laws as the Hawley-Smoot act, which induce other nations to raise retaliatory tariff walls against our goods. Inevitably such retaliatory tariffs cut the volume of our exports, since our products cannot compete over these foreign walls with the products of the countries concerned. In consequence our manufacturers tend to establish branch plants abroad, which enables them to escape high foreign tariffs, but spells decreased employment and decreased purchasing power, affecting every industry in the United States. "If we wall ourselves in," said Mr. Mazur, "we wall ourselves out."

What, then, must be done with American tariff walls to help us up from the depression? Since American industries have been built up in the protection of these walls for generations, since some industries are still dependent upon them for their very existence, it is pointless to talk of leveling them overnight. That can't be done and won't be done. Our aims must be twofold. American business men must push their search for foreign markets with all possible zest as they may be trusted to do out of normal self-interest. Again, our tariff walls must never again be raised, but must be gradually lowered—little by little, just as they were erected. Meanwhile, it would certainly help some if the Administration, instead of fussing about futilely and blindly with the flexible provision and Tariff Commission were engaged in negotiations with foreign governments looking toward the lowering of their tariff walls, and hence

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the increase of our export trade, in return for the lowering of our tariff walls, and hence the increase of their export trade.

Five months ago when Mr. Lamont delivered his address, ten months ago when Congress passed the tariff bill, this doctrine would have struck the average man as heretical if it did not strike him as a bore. Today it will meet with an attentive audience and with widespread agreement. The depression has taught us so much, at any rate.

THE EDITORS.

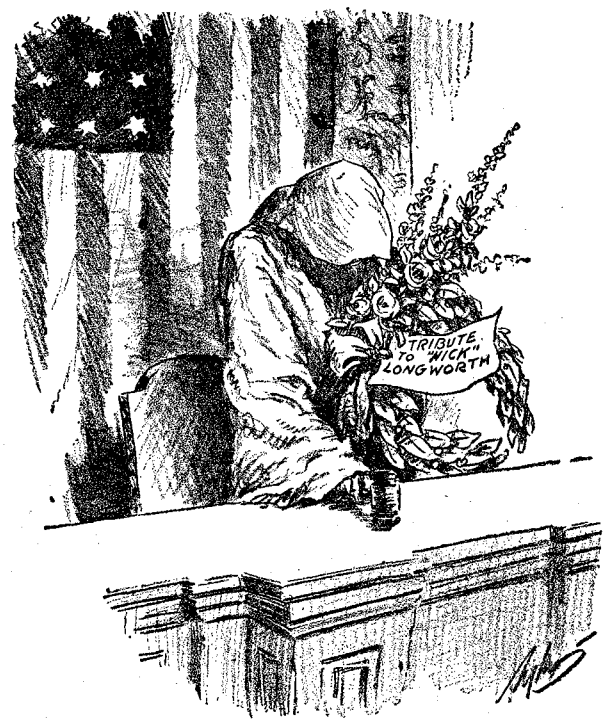
Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

UNTIL A FEW WEEKS AGO, the man who felt most concern over control of the next House of Representatives was the late Nicholas Longworth. We know that the prospect he might be displaced by his Democratic chum, "Jack" Garner of Texas, clouded his last days. He could not get the question out of his talk and thoughts, for the Speakership meant a lot to "Nick." Even more important, his orderly spirit dreaded the idea of divided responsibility and bloc government, and his head was buzzing with schemes for keeping the gavel in his patrician hands.

We discussed the subject in detail with him only a few days before his death, and the scene was characteristic of the Longworth the Capitol knew. He had stopped at his House office to look over his mail, and he had 6-year-old Paulina, whom he loved devotedly, with him. As he sat at his desk, she climbed into his lap, taking pencils and a father's store of strange treasures from his pockets, insisting that he examine her drawings, clamoring for his attention. Though a prophetic weariness showed in his face, he answered her every importunity. Meanwhile, with a serious mien that reflected his concern, he weighed the political potentialities inherent in the situation. Ever an optimist, however, he solaced himself with the thought that northern wets among the Democrats would not line up solidly for Mr. Garner and his dry, southern machine. "Nick" died with the firm belief that he would set an all-time record by reëlection to a fourth term as Speaker—one more than any predecessor, including "Czar" Reed, enjoyed.

His death leaves a legacy of trouble to the Administration and the G. O. P., which now must take over his worries. Indeed, it is quite possible it may mean actual domination of the House by the Democrats. It is questionable whether the Republicans can now carry Mr. Longworth's district in Cincinnati. He won by only 3,500 votes last fall, and he had to bestir himself as never before. He trudged the streets of his district like any newcomer in politics, and he rang doorbells. The narrow squeeze gave him the fright of his life, and during the last session—the extra activity undoubtedly weakened him, too—he performed more humble political chores for his "constits" than in many, many years. His great prestige, he sensed, might not carry him through the next time.



Sykes in the New York Evening Post

"Approved"

Mrs. Longworth might be able to hold the district, but we doubt if she will stoop to conquer. She prefers the detached, disinterested rôle of the critic and spectator, for one thing. Knowing House procedure, she realizes that a political widow, even "Nick" Longworth's, counts for little in the chamber. Besides she never shared her late husband's high opinion of the House. When she visited Capitol Hill, as she so often did, it was upon the talented prima donnas in the Senate—"Jim" Reed, "Bill" Borah, "Pat" Harrison, Henrik Shipstead and certain eminents in the Senate Press Gallery—that she trained her lorgnette. No, Alice would not be happy in a House so well disciplined as "Nick" has left it.

Even though the Republicans hold the House, "Nick" will be missed—by nobody more than Herbert Hoover, even though the two were not close friends. Of all the candidates mentioned for the vacant chair, none possesses his popularity, his diplomacy, his parliamentary skill. "Nick" knew when to fight and when to surrender. He ruled by the romance of his personality, and the Democrats, especially Mr. Garner, loved him. The House, under his ministrations, had become a sort of club—a Lamb's club or a night club. And it danced to the tune he whistled or played.

There will, we imagine, be a scramble for his place—the breed "Nick" kept in check is ambitious—and that will cause bad feeling. We know that Messrs. Snell and Tilson — *Rules Chairman and* Floor Leader, respectively, would cut off an arm to get the Speakership, even though Mr. Tilson hopes to run for the vice-presidency. If either is successful, heaven help Mr. Hoover. Both men are inept, tactless fellows—arch-reactionaries — whereas "Nick" sometimes had human and liberal instincts. Moreover, both are unloved and unpopular. In such a close House as the next will be neither would be of much use to Mr. Hoover. They can rule only by the numbers.

The Western group do not take kindly to Mr. Tilson, as Connecticut Yankee, or to Mr. Snell, an up-state and hard-shelled New Yorker. They will have their own candidates in Burt French of Idaho, Homer Hoch of Kansas and that volatile Progressive, Mr. Ramseyer from Iowa. All three, though more attractive than the two Easterners, are rather grim and parochial fellows, and do not quite measure up.

New England may present that heavy and pontifical scholar, Hon. Robert Luce of Massachusetts, and he might make an excellent compromise candidate. Although a Harvard Puritan, his colleagues trust him and respect his intellect, which is massive rather than

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mobile. Mr. Luce, incidentally, is rather unique among Congressmen. He can spell, having won second prize in the famous bee between the National Press Club and Congress. Being a bachelor, he went down on the word "kimono."

He is no "Nick" Longworth, clearly. But there is none like "Nick" left in all American politics. He was *sui generis*.

A. F. C.

The Week in Business

▶▶*Five Barrels—One Dollar*

IF RATIONALIZATION of petroleum production is not brought about soon, we are going to have a very sick industry on our hands. In California, the price of Kettleman Hills crude, a high-gravity oil which is almost pure gasoline, is now 35 cents a barrel, as compared with $1.48 a barrel at the beginning of the year. In the new East Texas field one of the subsidiaries of Cities Service Company is reported to have bought high-grade oil at 20 cents a barrel.

Fortunately, real progress is being made toward stabilization. On April 9 the Oil States Advisory Committee, representing the governments of nine oil-producing states, met at Washington for a conference with the Federal Oil Conservation Board. Secretary Wilbur, chairman of the Board, emphasized the importance of permanent stabilization, based on a curbing of overproduction evils, avoidance of waste and actual conservation of petroleum in the ground.

The Advisory Committee, through its chairman (C. I. Murray of Oklahoma), submitted a report and recommendations which were promptly approved by the Board. The recommendations were that the Board continue its periodic examinations and forecasts; that the legislatures of the oil-producing states authorize negotiations for an interstate agreement for coördination of conservation measures; and that pending the working out of such a compact the Advisory Committee continue to function as a liaison and fact-finding body, and to present to the conservation authorities of the various states, at such times as may be deemed necessary, recommendations for more effective coöperation between the states.

▶▶*Little of the Fifth Estate*

TO THE goodly company of Flint, Dennison and Baekeland in our Business Hall of Fame we now add the man who gave a voice to industrial research, and who discovered processes for the manufacture of vegetable glue from starch, the recovery of turpentine and resin from yellow pine stumps, the extraction of zinc from complex ores, the separation of potash from saline deposits, and the concentration of phosphate rocks,—

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) April 9—75.2. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) April 9—67.0.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended March 28—740,079 cars (reduction of 1,863 under preceding week and of 145,080 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended April 4—52% of capacity (reduction of 3% under preceding week and of 22% under same week of 1930).

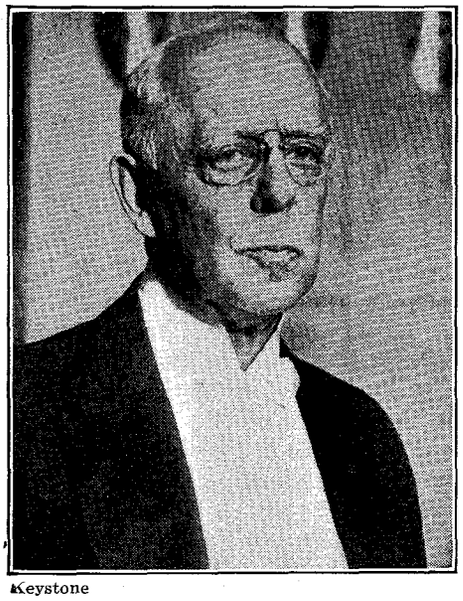
Crude Oil Production Week ended April 4—daily average gross 2,252,100 barrels (reduction of 23,250 under preceding week and of 278,350 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended April 9—$8,205,805,000 (reduction of 17.4% under preceding week and of 26.3% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended April 9—545 (reduction of 4 under preceding week; increase of 51 over same week of 1930).

Arthur D. Little of Cambridge, Brookline, and the world.

At the age of twelve, Arthur Little decided to be a chemist. A schoolboy friend in Portland, Maine, touched him for a dime, which was invested in a piece of glass tubing and five cents' worth of sulphuric acid. Little saw, for the first time, hydrogen produced by the reaction of the acid on zinc, and heard a piece of marble hiss under similar treatment. Later, at the Berkeley School in New York and as a student in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he gave first place to chemistry. Since then chemistry has reciprocated by giving first place to him, not only as the head of a large and successful research organization, but also as president of the American Chemical Society, the American Institute of Chemical Engineers and the Society of Chemical Industry of Great Britain.



Keystone

DR. ARTHUR D. LITTLE

Research, Dr. Little is confident, is making headway, even against the blindness of certain skeptical manufacturers. To Edmund Burke's "Fourth Estate" Dr. Little adds a Fifth,—"composed of those having the simplicity to wonder, the ability to question, the power to generalize, and the capacity to apply; in short, the company of thinkers, workers, expounders and practitioners upon whom the world is absolutely dependent for the preservation and advancement of that organized knowledge which we call Science."

▶▶*Car-Junking and Safety*

A TRUCKLOAD of Carnegie lifesaving medals should be awarded to the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce for its plan which has resulted in the removal, during 1930, of 350,000 ancient and unsafe automobiles from the highways of the United States. Perhaps a truckload would not be enough for nobody knows how many lives have actually been saved by this movement which is now participated in by motor manufacturers representing 87 per cent of our total production.

Under the plan, the manufacturers establish a reserve fund, based generally on $5 to $10 for each new car the dealer buys. Dealers are then permitted to scrap old cars up to the total amount of the fund, with an allowance of from $25 to $35 on each car junked.

In a few cases, salvaging is substituted for scrapping. One company pays a flat rate of $20 for each complete car that is delivered to its private salvage plant. The Institute of Scrap Iron and Steel is now working on a plan for cooperation with the program of the motor manufacturers.

It is scarcely possible to estimate the increased danger to highway safety involved in the operation of thousands of cars that are virtually worn out, and therefore not subject to perfect control by the driver. Motor manufacturers who coöperate with the N. A. C. C. plan are entitled to the gratitude of all who use the public highways. This roll of honor includes Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, De Soto, Dodge, Ford, Graham, Hupmobile, Marquette, Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, La Salle, Plymouth, Pontiac, Studebaker, Stutz, Viking and Willys-Overland.

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Causes and Warnings

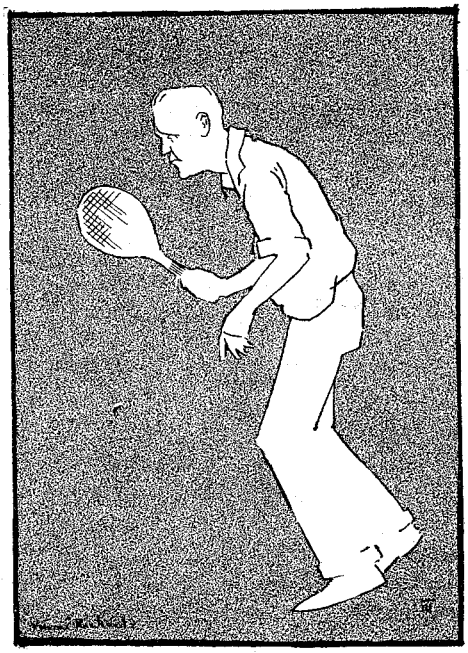
FLAT on his back in the New York Hospital, Francis W. Hirst had plenty of time for puzzling over the reasons for the worldwide economic upheaval and the lessons the world might learn from it if it only would. After convalescence, Mr. Hirst reported his findings under the engaging title of *Wall Street and Lombard Street* (Macmillan, $2).

Beginning with the boom period (1927-1929), Mr. Hirst recalls the warnings that were given and the preventive measures that were taken by the Federal Reserve. He then deals with the state of the market in the latter part of 1929; the Hatry crash in London; and the skyrocketing of speculation in the United States.

The final collapse was, in Mr. Hirst's opinion, brought about chiefly by the calling of loans, not by the banks but by outside lenders. Such loans called during the last week of October, 1929, were estimated at two billion dollars. Stocks came into the market in torrents and thousands of margin-speculators were wiped out.

In his final chapter, "Causes and Remedies," Mr. Hirst speaks very frankly about our position in regard to reparations and the War debts; describes Dr. Gustav Cassel's proposed remedies for the trade slump; and quotes comments on the crisis and depression by Thomas W. Lamont, Sir Arthur Balfour, M. René Duchemin and Lord D'Alberon.

FRANK A. FALL.



VINCENT RICHARDS

The Spotlight on Sports

Publicity Stunt

CHIVALRY flowers in strange places. You wouldn't expect to find it on the professional baseball diamond, yet only the other day such hard-bitten sluggers as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Tony Lazzeri proved themselves Sir Galahads of the willow.

It happened this way. The president of the Chattanooga baseball club, whose sense of burlesque is exceeded only by his nose for publicity, hired a girl pitcher. The young lady's name is Virnie Beatrice Mitchell. Her baseball employers call her "Jackie."

Judged by masculine standards of baseball skill, Miss Mitchell has "nothing." She is just a tall, wiry girl who throws a ball somewhat harder and less awkwardly than most of her sex. Her "fast one" wouldn't get by in a semi-pro sand lot game, yet she was engaged by Chattanooga as a pitcher. An alert publicity man even had motion picture cameras on hand to record the ceremony of signing the first woman pitcher to a professional baseball contract. "Jackie" Mitchell's debut against the New York Yankees, renowned for their batting punch, was advertised lavishly. As a novelty, a girl pitcher has box office appeal—particularly to feminine customers unversed in the finer points of baseball.

Artistically, "Jackie's" debut was a howling success. Looking very natty in her specially made uniform—the ordinary baseball "monkey suit" is not designed to conform with feminine architecture—Miss Mitchell toed the mound and struck out Ruth and Gehrig in rapid succession. Overcome by that exertion, she "walked" Lazerri and was relieved by a considerate and discerning manager.

The less gullible male customers had begun to tire of the act. They signified their boredom by falsetto catcalls and pseudo-soprano squeals. Ruth and Gehrig, manfully swallowing their pride, carved the air with a gusto usually associated with Indian club swingers. If they overacted a bit, if their vicious swipes at Dixie ozone seemed a trifle obvious, one must remember that Babe and Lou are ball players rather than actors. The Bambino is about as subtle as a blunderbuss or a comic strip. Besides, there was always the chance that he might connect accidentally and decapitate the first (and last) lady pitcher.

Women in Sport

SPEAKING OF WOMEN IN SPORT reminds me that Mrs. Wills Moody has just written a magazine article wherein she chides America for its relative coolness toward ladies' tennis. At Wimbledon, Mrs. Moody points out, the women's matches are rated an even greater attraction than the men's events. Perhaps this is due to England's decadence in the masculine sphere of tennis where once the brothers Doherty, S. H. Smith, J. C. Parke, Algernon Kingscote and A. W. Gore held sway. Maybe it explains why the revival of Britain's male ascendancy has been indefinitely postponed.

At any rate, I cannot subscribe to Mrs. Moody's statement that "feminine tennis is more entertaining than men's tennis because of women's greater grace, more charming ways, and more attractive costumes." The champion continues: "The floating lines of a dress in motion are more pleasing to the artistic eye than the severe uniform of the male player."

All of which is true, but I am led to infer that Mrs. Moody regards tennis as a study in æsthetics—a species of *Ballet Russe*—rather than as a competitive drama. Personally, if beauty of line is my objective, I should prefer a musical show, a motion picture, or an exhibition of interpretive dancing to a ladies' tennis match. However, my taste in art is admittedly uninformed.

Mrs. Moody does let slip a secret that will interest all her tennis admirers. That white eyeshade—which has always symbolized California's champion—is the answer to what tennis writers call her "poker face." "Besides holding your hair in place and lessening sun glare," says Mrs. Moody, "the eye shade prevents your rival from watching the direction of your eyes and thus anticipating your return. It gives one a mysterious, inscrutable look—conceals one's emotional reactions from one's adversary. Thus the eye shade is a strategical aid."

Pop goes another illusion! I had always supposed that the former Helen Wills came naturally by her enigmatic, Mona Lisa match play expression. Now, like Houdini, she confesses that it is all an optical trick—though an eye shade replaces the conventional mirror!

For Services Rendered

IF VINCENT RICHARDS WINS the current tennis series from his old friend William

(Please Turn to Page 573)

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▸▸ Royal Intrigue in Roumania ◂◂

Part II—The Black Spider Spins a Web

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

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Prince Shtirbey, variously called "The Black Spider," the "Rasputin of Roumania," and the "Dark Prince," was for years a power behind the throne because of his control of the finances of the Royal Family, as Mr. Bercovici tells in this installment. Antipathy which persists even today sprang up between Carol and this intimate friend of Queen Marie, resulting in many intrigues and scenes and the downfall of Carol. In the next installment, Mr. Bercovici tells of the intrigues leading to Carol's renunciation of his claims.

•

PRINCE SHTIRBEY has been referred to as the Rasputin of Roumania, as the Grey Eminence, and the Black Spider. His own real name, Shtirbey, in the old Roumanian language means "The Extirpator."

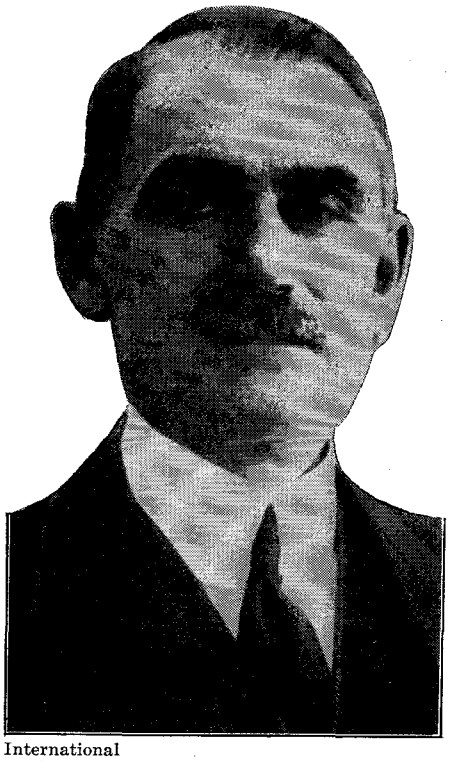
Prince Shtirbey is a descendant of one of the Fanariot rulers of Roumania. Of Greek and Turkish blood, he is tall and dark, almost too dark for a European. In the years of his secret rule of Roumania no man who has opposed him has come out of the encounter victorious.

He was the "under-cover" ruler of Roumania even while old King Carol was on the throne. Shtirbey had no official function. He was merely one of old King Carol's business advisers. As such he laid the foundation of the fortunes of the Hohenzollerns, without neglecting his own. He was a comparatively poor man when he first entered the royal palace; he emerged one of the wealthiest men of the Balkan peninsula. Though younger than his King, Shtirbey dominated him. The financial affairs of the King were in his hands. It was Shtirbey who ordered the inhuman suppression of the agrarian rebellion of 1907. He had the same contempt for the Roumanian people as his ancestors had had and as King Carol of Hohenzollern had.

Prince Shtirbey had started early in life to lay the foundation for his power. He welded himself by marriage to the powerful Bratianu family and began to administer their business affairs while administering those of the King and his own.

Under Shtirbey Roumania was a country of serfs and servile politicians. No one dared say a word against him, no one dared to protest. Until recently one could have lived for years in Roumania without ever hearing his name mentioned anywhere, though it was in every one's mind.

Though Queen Marie was very young when she came to Roumania as the wife of Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, it did not take her long to discover the real ruler of Roumania. As the daughter of the second son of Queen Victoria she was familiar with court intrigues and court technique. It did not take her long to conclude that it would be to her advantage to ally herself with the most powerful man in the country. Prince Shtirbey also realized that it was to his advantage, and to the advantage of his family, to ally himself with the young "English Princess," as Marie was known in Roumania. Business acumen, more than mutual sympathy, brought the two together. Their well-known friendship was based on the business partnership necessary between them. The business affairs of Prince Ferdinand and Queen Marie were also placed in Prince Shtirbey's firm hands. Making himself both useful and agreeable, Shtirbey gained such ascendancy over Prince Ferdinand that the heir to the throne did not dare to whisper a word against him, and refused to listen to the gossip that linked the Dark Prince with his wife.



International

SHTIRBEY—"THE BLACK SPIDER"
Intimate friend of Queen Marie and long the "under-cover" ruler of Roumania

The Prince's whole fortune wa in the hands of the man wh ridiculed his name. Shtirbe could have impoverished hi with one stroke, for it was on of the tricks of the "Blac Spider" to dominate and kee under his thumb those whom h enriched.

That Shtirbey handled h financial job well is evidence by the fact that on the death o King Ferdinand, despite th hardships and vicissitude through which Roumania ha passed, the personal fortune o the Hohenzollerns had bee augmented by over seventy-eight millio dollars. King Carol, too, had left a con siderable fortune owing to the magnifi cent administration of his adviser, but i was only half the size of that of Kin Ferdinand. Shtirbey's Machiavellia mind conceived the grand plan tha would have given Marie the greates power any woman ever had in easter Europe. That these plans miscarrie was not Shtirbey's fault. Unforeseen cir cumstances had interfered. The echo o the shot in Sarajevo shattered many an other brittle pane. It was a simple plan It said to Marie: "Bear children."

One of them was destined to be hei to the throne. A second was to marr into the Russian Romanoff house. A third was to enter the Bulgarian house hold. A fourth was to go to Germany. A fifth would storm Greece. If she bor more, they were to be married into othe royal households. That Marie becam the most feared matchmaker of Europ was undoubtedly due to Prince Shti bey's advice. Neither of them could fore see that the Romanoffs would lose thei throne and their lives and that th Greeks would decide to rid themselve of their King. Marie's most favore daughter is an ex-Queen, the wife of th former King of Greece. Her least fav ored daughter is a Queen in action— Queen Marie of Jugoslavia.

At the beginning of Shtirbey's friend ship with Marie the more astute Rou manians smiled. They believed that th English Princess was making hersel agreeable to Shtirbey only to make he self secure in the country. They believe she did not know he was the most hate man of Roumania. They believed tha she merely wanted to steal one of Carol' friends, for it was known that Kin Carol had never liked the Englis Princess any better than he liked th

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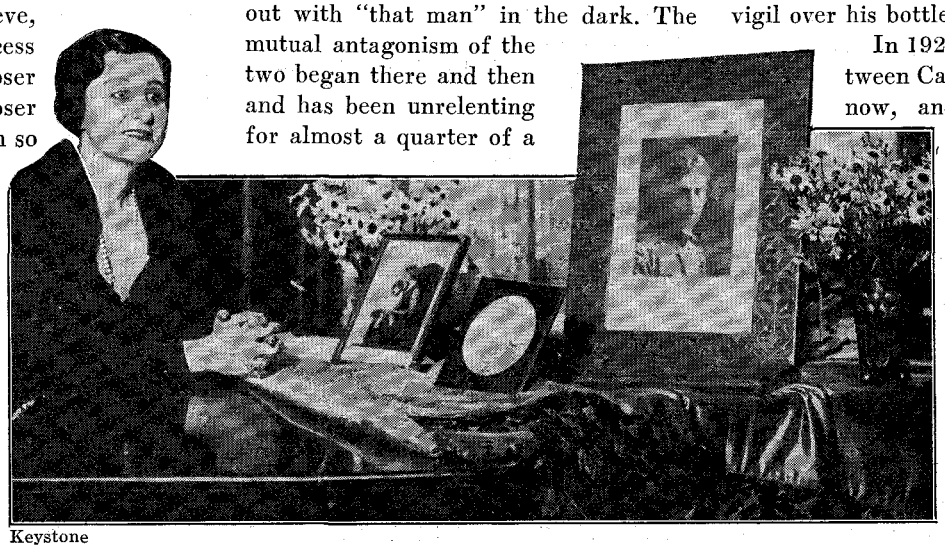
future incumbent of his throne. When it became evident that Prince Shtirbey was also administering Ferdinand's fortune, when several transactions had netted the heir to the throne several millions of dollars, the Roumanians awoke to the fact that the English Princess had indeed discovered how to make use of the shrewdest business man in Roumania. Yet it was not suspected, and no one wanted to believe, that an English Princess would slide into a closer friendship, into a closer alliance, with the man so thoroughly hated by the country. The Roumanians still had illusions about the dignity of Kings and Queens.

In a small country, such as Roumania was then, court gossip traveled fast. Had Marie taken every precaution to keep her friendship for Shtirbey a secret, it could not have remained so for any length of time, but, either because she lacks discretion, or because she wanted the Roumanians to be afraid of her, Marie threw caution, discretion and dignity to the winds. It is no longer a secret to the world at large that Prince Shtirbey had his private entrance to the Queen's apartment. Whoever would have protested against the Queen's indiscretion would naturally have involved the "Black Spider." To antagonize Marie was to antagonize Shtirbey, the whole Bratianu family, the banks, the army, all the civil, municipal and military organizations of the country.

One of the former ladies-in-waiting to the Queen has recently told the story of what she believes to have been the first meeting between Marie's oldest son, Carol, the present King, and Prince Shtirbey. Carol was still in his teens, in the care of tutors and governesses. Marie, having been away for some time, had suddenly decided that she wanted to see her son—for this astute woman is also very sentimental and has occasional and unexpected melodramatic outbursts. Prince Shtirbey accompanied her in that visit to the nursery. It was late in the evening, time for the child to be put to bed, and Marie was anxious to kiss him good-night. The mother gave free play to her emotions, embracing and pressing the child to her breast. Remembering Prince Shtirbey, who stood behind her, she called His Highness over to introduce him to the young Prince.

Instinctively, Carol withdrew and refused to shake hands; told Shtirbey that he was cold; that he did not like him and began to cry and stamp his feet, ordering the "bad man" to leave the room immediately, crying that he did not want to see "that man" again. Carol begged his mother to stay there and not to go out with "that man" in the dark. The mutual antagonism of the two began there and then and has been unrelenting for almost a quarter of a century. Marie ordered Carol punished for his bad behavior. Carol learned to know then that whatever he was asked to do, and whatever he was forbidden to do, was ordered by Prince Shtirbey; and was therefore inclined to do the very opposite of "that man's" will.



Keystone

CAROL'S FIRST WIFE—ZIZI LAMBRINO

She was a lady-in-waiting to Queen Marie, when court intrigue pulled her and Carol together. He left the army, and the pair fled the country to be married. The weaving of at least a part of the net is credited to "The Black Spider"

Prince Shtirbey realized that, though he could keep everybody else in leash, that blond boy watched him closely and was ready to spring on him at the first opportunity,—that blond boy was the future heir to the throne. In the following years, Shtirbey left very little undone to prevent Prince Carol's eventual ascension to the throne. That those major plans of the "Black Spider" and the Queen Mother have miscarried so far, cannot be held against them.

After Marie had firmly entrenched herself in Roumania, even before she had become Queen, and of course more so afterwards, the royal palace became the center of every kind of intrigue, in which the princes, the princesses, the ladies-in-waiting, the young officers and their friends took part. Of all the children of the royal household, Mignon, or Marie, as she calls herself now since she is Queen of Jugoslavia, was the only one who never entered into these scandals. Under such circumstances and in such a *milieu* it is not difficult to understand why each one of Marie's children, except Mignon, had eventually become entangled in affairs that did not in the least heighten the dignity of the Royal Household of Roumania.

And Ferdinand, Marie's husband? Ferdinand was a complacent fool. He had never been in love with Marie and was not concerned with what she did, and whom she befriended, as long as he was left in peace; as long as his fortune grew, as long as he was permitted to play as he wanted to play and to keep vigil over his bottles.

In 1925, the antagonism between Carol, heir to the throne now, and Shtirbey, became acute. Carol, who wavered between Fascism and the Peasant Party, encouraged the opposition to protest openly and loudly against the machinations and intrigues of his enemy. He caused to be made, under his supervision, a thorough investigation into all the ramifications of the "Black Spider's" affairs. He investigated closely the Shtirbeys, the Bratianus and their minions, and collected facts as to how they had enriched themselves at the expense of the Roumanian people. Still, his closest friends did not dare to join him in the fight against Shtirbey. Carol went to his father, the King of Roumania, and denounced the man and his mother to him. The King would not listen. He was sick, weak, and disgusted with life. He suffered untold physical agonies. When he was made to listen to his impetuous son, he merely shook his head, and told Carol not to meddle in affairs that did not concern him.

On the eve of Prince Carol's departure for London, to represent his country at the funeral of the Queen Mother Alexandra, he burst unannounced into his mother's apartment, where Prince Shtirbey was. Leaving the doors open so that others should hear what he said, Carol began to arraign the Prince and read off to him a list of charges. Shtirbey listened smilingly, without saying a word. The Queen arose in wrath and ordered her son to stop. Carol, raising his voice louder, told her that her turn had not yet come. When he was through with the Prince, he turned on his mother. In unmistakable words the son told his mother what he thought of her and what he knew of her behavior, and upbraided her especially for her friendliness with a man hated by

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the country. Carol told her how conspicuous she had made the whole Royal household. It was Carol who first used the words: "The Roumanian household is a musical comedy household."

Shtirbey rose to the defense of Marie, and reminded His Highness that he had once married a commoner's daughter and had deserted in the face of the enemy. Shtirbey used the same horrible word, in referring to Zizi Lambrino, with which Carol had stigmatized his mother. They were talking in such loud voices that valets, ladies-in-waiting, chamber-maids and the whole retinue of servants in the Royal Palace were about the doors.

When Zizi Lambrino was mentioned, the three disputants in the Queen's boudoir became suddenly quiet. Then, leaping forward, Marie's son struck out with his fist at the face of the man who had insulted the one woman he had really loved. The hubbub which followed, Marie's screams, the screams of Carol's sisters and brother, who had come running from their quarters, was heard outside the palace. Shtirbey drew his sword. The Queen's apartment filled with people. Shtirbey was held back. Carol was kept away from him with difficulty. Leaving his mother's boudoir, the Prince heir ran to his father again and repeated with even more precision and growing vehemence, what he had told him before. King Ferdinand, too ill to quarrel, shook his head dolefully. Carol cried out in passion:

"You have to choose now between them and me. Either they stay here or I stay here. There is no room for all of us. If I get out, woe to them and woe to all of you."

Ferdinand ordered him out of the room.

Shtirbey won that battle,—Shtirbey and Marie.

The epithet which Carol had hurled at his mother became the nickname by which she was referred to by those who dared more and more to whisper about their Queen and the Black Prince. When, in the course of troubled political affairs, the Bratianus made Prince Shtirbey Prime Minister for a short time, until they could rearrange the situation, the press and some of the Liberals denounced the new government.

The Shtirbey government lasted but a short time. It was only an interim cabinet, until other minions of the Bratianu Party were put in power. However, that "impudence" cost the Liberal Party its power. It had dared too much. The Peasant Party would never have come into power had the Liberals not committed the unforgivable sin of trying to impose the Queen's friend upon the people.

It is unfortunate for Roumania that no one worthy was strong enough to assume the rights of tutorship to the Prince heir while there was yet time. The parental roof was not designed to hold under it an exemplary child. When King Ferdinand protested about his son's behavior, Marie came to Carol's defense. Ferdinand's long illness had made him forget that he had himself succumbed, as youth will succumb, to Bucharest's tolerant attitude. When Carol was brought before the royal pair and a room full of counsellors to account for a particularly loud and indiscreet party with several young ladies of the

Underwood

KING FERDINAND
Shtirbey was the power

Bucharest National Theatre, a party at which much champagne had been drunk and both Carol's male and female companions had been unusually boisterous, the young Prince defended himself saying that he was no worse than a hundred other young men and much older men in Bucharest. That shaft had a barb; one of the statesmen present was the protector of one of the ladies involved. Instead of denying that he had participated in the party, or putting forth some alibi, Carol answered to the admonitions of his parents that he was through with bowing under reprimands. He was no longer a boy; he was seventeen; he was a man. The King was amazed at his son's insolence. Queen Marie was amused. She winked at her royal husband, dismissed the Prince, saying loudly enough for him to hear: *"Il faut bien que jeunesse s'amuse."* Youth must have its fling.

Prince Shtirbey watched over those parties and encouraged them secretly. Before he was twenty, Prince Carol began to weary of easy conquests. Bucharest whispered that the heir to the throne had grown tired of all women. Later on, Carol's eyes fell on Mlle. Jeanne Lambrino, "Zizi," one of his mother's young ladies-in-waiting. Mlle. Lambrino is an indirect descendant of Prince Cuza, who reigned over Roumania between 1836 and 1848. Zizi was only twenty and Carol was twenty-one when they met. The tricks he had hitherto employed to win women were wasted on Mlle. Lambrino. Though she was interested, she refused to fall into his trap. She knew the fate of discarded ladies. Carol neglected his gay friends and occupations and began to devote himself exclusively to winning Zizi. When Queen Marie was told that Zizi Lambrino was not succumbing to her son's advances, she began to fear that the young lady had plans a trifle more ambitious than to become the Prince's favorite of the moment.

THE petty persecutions to which Zizi was subjected and which she related to Prince Carol, without understanding the underlying motives, pulled the two youngsters more closely together. What would have been a passing affair, as unimportant as other affairs in Carol's life, was fanned by resistance and petty persecutions to a conflagration. Carol, who had set out for an amorous moment, was soon enmeshed in a serious love. Men who believe themselves irresistible are the prey of their own egotism when they meet a scheming woman. Zizi was for "all or nothing." Shtirbey had encouraged her secretly.

Roumania's entrance into the great war separated for a time the two young lovers. The Prince left for the front. On his ability and capacity as an officer, I take as witness the words of General Averescu, who wrote:

On the 29th of October, 1916, I received the order to withdraw from the Valley of Prahova. We were all downcast and heartbroken. We were withdrawing before the onslaught of the enemy and we were getting ready for the battle before Bucharest. The sky was lighted by the fires of the oil wells which we had ignited. The army was withdrawing fighting continually. At nine o'clock in the evening I found the Prince heir with his friends, heads of army corps, still at table in the mess hall. I told him the soldiers were without officers, that they must all go immediately to their posts. The Prince refused to go and refused to let his companions go. At two o'clock in the morning he and they were still drinking

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The Suicide of Radio

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

TO OBSERVERS of contemporary American industrial conditions, the present radio situation is decidedly interesting. Developments are materializing which should furnish food for thought to those who have a stake in the industry, and who are not wilfully blind to palpable facts nor to the conclusions to which they point. For the sooner these conclusions are drawn, the more money will be saved by both the manufacturer and the broadcaster.

The radio receiving set is rapidly becoming less salable. Already, here and there, shops are going into bankruptcy, and manufacturers' overstocks are being dumped on the retail market at mere tithes of their catalogue prices. It is easy enough to blame this on "hard times," but a look into the actual conditions will give ample proof that this explanation is insufficient.

The plain fact is that educated people are becoming heartily and increasingly sick of the radio. In their homes, where, comparatively recently, this device was the principal form of amusement, the radio set today often stands, dusty and neglected, in a corner, unless, of course, it has already been traded in for one combined with a talking machine—the latter element being chiefly called upon for entertainment, and the radio merely tolerated for occasional dancing or because its loud speaker is used in playing phonograph records. Where once was much talk of selectivity, good reception, static, etc., we now hear the same people boasting of their new pickup or the merits of this and that new record.

There is an excellent reason for this state of affairs. It is the almost total lack of the most elementary intelligence or foresight on the part of advertiser and broadcaster. He has not merely underestimated his public, he has failed altogether to take it into account. He has consistently, and on a rapidly increasing scale, catered to those who possess neither brains nor education—a class which, as a little thought should convince him, will furnish but a meagre market for the wares of the radio set manufacturers, except in the most abnormal of "boom" times.

It is a profound truth that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Thus, not content with the progressive elimination from his programs of all material which might interest those having even a primary school education, the broadcaster is now joyously proceeding to alienate even his illiterate and moronic auditors. This is being accomplished by the simple, yet effective, device of making up programs consisting mainly of advertising matter; the music, which is used as a bait, being steadily lowered both in quantity and quality, and the advertising talk increased to the point of rousing actual and bitter resentment in the breast of the average listener. Such a lack of understanding of human nature produces the very

The voice with the smile wins!

natural result that more and more receiving sets are being allowed to lie idle—a condition which can hardly be called advantageous to the advertiser, and one which, should the latter not see the light, must inevitably react upon the broadcaster.

As recently as two years ago, good music was frequently to be heard on the air. Today, it is rare, and audible only during the few minutes which the advertiser feels to be the minimum that will secure attention to his sales talk. True, there are exceptions; some advertisers are clearer sighted than the rest. We can still hear Dr. Walter Damrosch's excellent orchestra during the General Electric hour in the all too brief interval when Mr. Floyd Gibbons is not giving breathless expression to his transports of *ersatz* enthusiasm. A few other "hours," such as the Atwater Kent, where the music is good and the advertising talk not overdone, are worth while. On Sunday, too, we get a good symphony concert or so, but song recitals are now mostly made up of ballads and an occasional hackneyed classic. Choral music fares a trifle better; but chamber music, once plentiful, has become nearly as extinct as the dodo, and, even in its pitifully few appearances, is likely to be broken off abruptly in the middle of a piece because the time has been preëmpted by So and So's tooth paste. Even should the music continue, loud-mouthed announcers, with their pseudo-cultured voices, are ready to break in with absurd and unwanted comment, as in the case of the recent performance of *Wozzeck*. He is indeed an optimist who believes that the broadcaster will ever realize that good music may safely be allowed to speak for itself.

So, when the choice lies—as it mostly does—between cheap advertising matter, cheaper jazz, second-rate comic songs and monologues, or "sob-stuff," is it surprising that the radio is becoming anathema to the music-lovers, who once expected such great things from it? And their numbers are not few, Mr. Broadcaster! Some fine day you will be made to learn, not very pleasantly, that Americans are not quite as unmusical as you appear to think. And it will be a lesson that is going to cost you money.

Already, the most important sales in the industry are those of combination sets. Pickups are being improved day by day, motors are becoming noiseless, there are now several practical devices for changing discs automatically, and the radio loud speaker gives an excellent tone-quality. Significantly enough, machines are now making their appearance which have the phonograph, and radio loud speaker, but no receiver. The records, too, are growing better by leaps and bounds, due to advancing technic in the recording studios, and their sales are increasing correspondingly. It is now possible to have, in one's home, concerts of the finest music; the reproductions falling but little short of actual performances by the artists.

The only method of solving the radio problem which has met, thus far, with any success, appears to be impracticable in this country. In several European countries, where genuinely good music is regularly broadcasted, the radio owner pays a small tax, which is applied exclusively toward the engagement of first-class talent for his entertainment. In America this is feasible but unlikely, unless some private station could be endowed by subscription.

The whole situation seems an unhappy one, when we think of the great opportunities which are being so contemptuously cast aside, and in which

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The Rise and Fall of Thompsonism

By LEWIS W. HUNT

Big Bill, the Builder, of Chicago, is finished in politics. After enduring three terms of Thompsonism, Chicago has at last turned him out. He had not won elections on real issues, but upon appeal to blocs and cliques—but now a city has revolted. In the election on April 7 Thompson carried only five Negro wards and Morris Eller's "Bloody Twentieth." This article tells what made Thompson and Thompsonism—and what finished the era.

EARLY in his political career William Hale Thompson ran for the Cook County Board of Review and, like other candidates, filled out a form statement at the request of a Chicago newspaper that kept careful check on public servants. The blank called for such desk sergeant data as age, residence and previous public service and closed with "References." Thus was trolled the first stave in the tuneful age of Thompsonism, for the candidate devoted most of his "References" space to this: "My grandfather was Chicago's oldest citizen for many years, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Modesty influenced silence."

Besides placing the Thompson modesty two generations back, the grandfather item is significant also as the first tap on the tom-tom Thompson that later sounded "World Court," "America First" and "Draft Coolidge" as issues in the business of picking a mayor for Chicago. "Tap" seems to be the word; at least, grandfather's long residence and modesty did not avail to elect the grandson—or perhaps in those days a battle cry had to have some sensible connection with the battle.

Whatever the controversy over his ancestor's rating as oldest citizen, it is of no concern to this generation, but the claim does justify pride on Thompson's part. On both sides his family was of substantial American stock. The long-lived grandfather was Stephen F. Gale, who journeyed from New Hampshire to the little "wild onion" settlement on Lake Michigan in 1830. He helped draft Chicago's first charter and was the first fire chief. His father, also William Hale Thompson, was a lieutenant commander with Farragut at Mobile Bay. He resigned his commission after the war, went to Chicago, married Medora Gale and soon afterward took her to Boston. Chicago's ex-mayor was born there in 1869 and was still an infant when his parents returned to Chicago.

BIG BILL, champion of the west, never has regarded Boston as of more importance in his life than a hospital ward. When he stopped off there a few years ago on one of his forays to arouse the Yanks against the British he made a side trip to Bunker Hill. If it was not his first view of the battleground he simulated effectively.

"Where's the hill?" he said. "Why, out west we wouldn't call this a knoll. If the Redcoats couldn't get up here there must have been some tough guys at the top."

After which his touring party sang "America First, Last and Always," and he waved his cowboy hat. That hat is one conceit to which Thompson has a right. When Bill was 15 years old his father, a prosperous real estate dealer, was planning to send him to Yale, but the future Builder snapped at a chance to go to Wyoming to work on a cattle ranch. He became a good cowhand, ranch foreman and finally the owner of a bunch of steers. His father's death brought him back to Chicago when he was 21.

Thompson was a leader in amateur sports. When he entered politics he appeared as a young fellow of good family, well-to-do and prominent in wholesome affairs. William Kent, battler against spoilsmanship, got him into the city council. Kent had hoped for a knight, but through his one term as alderman Thompson was for the most part "one of the boys." Fred Lundin, "The Poor Swede," years later perceived Thompson's true worth in politics. Lundin, who had been a birch beer peddler and a gasoline torch showman, was then developing the almost magic powers that were to make him a political dictator. Lundin made Thompson mayor in 1915. Thompson promised "freedom" to the large German vote and enforcement of the Sunday saloon closing ordinance to the churches. Lundin took over the patronage and constructed a machine that carried Thompson into a second term in the face of a record that included betrayal of the churches in the matter of the saloons, a school board scandal that almost upset the education system, an administration of city finances that turned a $4,000,000 surplus into a $2,000,000 deficit, the approval of anti-war meetings and the churlish reception of British and French war missions.

Underwood

WILL HE USE THEM?

In his campaign, Anton J. Cermak, Chicago's new mayor, used new brooms as symbols. Now he has a mandate to use them

FOUR years together, with "The Poor Swede" directing from the wings and Big Bill strutting the boards, coördinated the Thompson-Lundin talents, and they went into the campaign of 1919 with a varied bill of popular appeal. There was the promise to seek a national law against profiteering and a state law to favor employment of returned soldiers, the pledge to restore the 5-cent car fare and to check rising gas and telephone rates, all enlivened by whacks at opposition newspapers and shouts of "liar" in reply to accusers citing misdeeds of his first term. Lundin has related since his break with Thompson that he thought up the "America First" war whoop about that time but couldn't make his associate understand it.

"'What do you mean by America First, Fred?' he asked me.

"I said, 'Bill Thompson, don't you know that the people of this country are being fooled into sending money to support the rotten government of King Peter?'

"'Who is King Peter?' he asked.

"'He's the monarch of Serbia, who was playing roulette at Monte Carlo when the queen consort was murdered,' I informed him. He puzzled over this and then said, 'Fred, what is Serbia or where is it?' I told him it was one of the Balkan states.

"'What part of the country is it located in?'"

AT THAT Lundin, so he said, gave up. Presumably the idea was put in simpler form when Thompson expanded it in 1927. Some one asked him then

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ALAS, THE WILD WEST DAYS ARE OVER
Big Bill the Builder used animals and visible symbols to show Chicago what he was fighting for and against, for he was a "picture mayor." This bright little animal represented Judge Lyle, his opponent in the primaries

Acme

what was the sense of "America First" and he replied: "That's just it. It's a good slogan because you can't argue about it."

The second term developed Thompson as Big Bill the Builder, his favorite pose. Numerous major public improvements were put under way. For the most part they were designed by the Chicago Plan commission, but the administration that executed them was Thompson's and he took full credit. It was in connection with street widenings and extensions at this time that the "experts" scandal developed. After long court action the Chicago *Tribune* as a taxpayer won a judgment of $2,245,604 on a showing that Thompson and several other city hall officials had "padded" the payment of fees to appraisers of condemned property. The judgment was reversed in the state Supreme Court and the case still awaits final settlement.

In 1920 Thompson and Lundin elected Robert E. Crowe state's attorney of Cook County and then, the next year, grabbed at the courts, packing the judicial slate with political favorites. Led by the Chicago Bar Association, however, citizens disgusted with Thompsonism elected a coalition ticket in a victory so towering that it cast its shadow over the rest of the mayor's term.

Other troubles beset Big Bill. The city's deficit increased to the stage of virtual bankruptcy, several pillars of the organization deserted—some in fear of public wrath at accumulating evils in the city hall and some because of quarrels over spoils. Lundin and Thompson began to pull apart and then Lundin was indicted in a school boodling investigation that already had brought conviction of the school board attorney. Lundin fled. Thompson had announced he would run again in 1923, but the few pals left persuaded him to retire.

"My friends have crucified me," he said.

Out of patience with eight years of Republican Thompson, the citizens elected Democrat William E. Dever. With patronage gone and the machine in pieces down to the last precinct worker, Thompson should have been discouraged. He did subside for a year or so, then he began edging toward the footlights again. No one knows better than he how short is the public memory.

In a sense he began afresh. His friend Governor Len Small appointed him chairman of the state waterways commission. He cried the prosperous day when the whistles of steamboats from New Orleans would toot in the Chicago river and he fitted out a boat and sent it down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. He founded a radio station with his initials as the call letters and worked up a Cook County revolt against the World Court. Letters were sent out by the thousand with the war cry, "Keep Old Glory Nailed to the Masthead." There were parades and a mass meeting addressed by Senator Borah and presided over by Thompson. Then he put on his big hat, rounded up a trainload of his growing number of adherents and went to Washington to bear a hand in passing the Boulder Dam legislation.

By primary campaign time, 1927, Big Bill, with his boisterous junkets, had become a national nuisance, but in Chicago he appeared all of a sudden to dismay the citizens who had counted him out in 1923. Strange things took place. Four years before he and Crowe had quarreled bitterly. Each had called the other "crook." Now they emerged from the dark together, chummier than ever, and with a Thompson-for-mayor campaign in high gear.

Crowe, still state's attorney, had become the Republican power in Cook county. Thompson won the nomination, defeating Edward R. Litsinger. The makeup of the Republican party in Cook County always has been a cause of bewilderment, but never more so than following Thompson's victory at the 1927 primary. Faction leaders whom he recently had called "skunk," "Benedict Arnold" and "champion liar of the world" rallied to his candidacy against Mayor Dever. They explained to their amazed followers that Thompson had exonerated himself for his previous misrule by laying it to Lundin and had promised to be upright if elected again.

Lundin was the only Republican general who remained out. He entered Dr. John Dill Robertson, who had been health commissioner under Thompson, as an independent candidate. It was in derision of the Lundin-Robertson drive that Big Bill exhibited at his meetings two rats which he called Fred and Doc. Thompson was no less dramatic in his battle against Dever. He told audiences of uninformed immigrants that school houses built by Dever were cracking because of scamp construction.

"These 200-ton arches are in danger of collapsing at any moment," he shouted. "I pray to God that they may hold until election day. Because then if I am elected I will close these schools until they are made safe and find some place to put the children."

Dever's honest effort to enforce prohibition was presented by Thompson as violation of personal liberty.

"When I'm elected," he said, "I'll fire every policeman who enters a home in search of liquor."

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But he was at his best as the voice of "America First." He declared that William McAndrew, appointed school superintendent by Dever, had adopted history text books that wronged American heroes of the revolution.

"I'll fire McAndrew and our school books will breathe patriotism again," he said. "I'll give King George a punch in the snoot."

With one appeal and another Thompson lined up the large racial and national groups. "America First" and "personal liberty" made a frenzy almost the spirit of war days. Back he went to the city hall. Under the swift momentum of the campaign he got rid of Superintendent McAndrew as soon as he could reorganize the school board and go through the form of a trial, and he made a gorgeous waterways excursion to New Orleans by steamboat. He sketched a great program for Big Bill the Builder and got the legislature to double the city's bonding power to carry it through.

Somewhere in that first year of his third term, however, he went too far and the public saturation point for "bunk" was reached. Perhaps it was when he had to quit on his plan to burn "seditious" books in the public library; perhaps it was in reaction to the silly proceedings against Dr. McAndrew, perhaps in the laugh at his America First Foundation at $10 a membership. Along with this change in public temper some of the faction chiefs who had joined him against Dever broke away. At the county election of 1928 Thompson's friend Crowe was defeated for reëlection and proposals to issue $80,000,000 in bonds under the new indebtedness legislation were rejected soundly.

"The people won't trust Thompson to spend money," it was said. He took the rebuke sorely. He vanished from Chicago and for weeks his presence was a mystery. It seemed that The Builder must be done. His office in the city hall was unoccupied, while city finances became such a mess citizens had to form a relief committee and hoodlums, who had leaped into activity at Thompson's personal liberty pledge, became so bold that Chicago was accepted by the world as a synonym for gunfire. Through it all there was no word of leadership from the city hall. Chicago was in fact without a mayor.

THOMPSON appeared more discredited even than in 1923. Any man who respected consistency would have called an end to it. But, outguessing the prophets on every hand, Big Bill bounded back in 1930, invigorated by a season of sun baths on the New England coast, and took up the campaign of Democrat James Hamilton Lewis for Senator. In Senator Lewis's defeat of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Thompson read public approval of himself. He went into the campaign for the Republican nomination for mayor supremely confident, although without visible support of any but the city hall organization. Against him was the swelling cry "Anti-Thompsonism" and in the host of opposition were to be seen the banners of other Republican faction chiefs. There was hope that these could unite and settle on a strong man to lick Big Bill. "Harmony" conferences assembled, but there was no harmony. One party group broke away and made a candidate of Judge John H. Lyle, who had made a spectacle of walloping hoodlums; another took up a campaign for Alderman Arthur F. Albert, long an outspoken foe of Thompsonism. Four other, lesser, candidacies were launched.

Through a Glass Darkly

From Trend of the Week in the Outlook of April 18, 1951

After being out fifteen minutes, a jury last Monday acquitted Mayor Flutter of Metroburg, charged with malfeasance, misfeasance, somnolence, and neglect of duty. The accused, who had been carried into court on a litter, immediately started for a vacation in Havana.

Dutton will publish next Thursday "The History of German Reparations, 1919-1951," which will describe in detail the operation of the Dawes, Young, Strawn, Mills and Ballentine Plans and the current Griffith Plan.

Big Bill made principal issue of the support given Lyle and Albert by the most influential two newspapers. The Chicago *Daily News* backed Albert; the Chicago *Tribune* was for Lyle. Thompson opened his campaign by flourishing two halters on the platform.

"If Li'l Arthur is elected I'll throw this halter around his neck—and that goes for the *Daily News*. And if the judge is elected I'll do the same—and that goes for the *Tribune*. But if you want a man who wears no halter elect me."

Presently he added to his ballyhoo a burro for Albert, a mule for Lyle and a thoroughbred horse representing the sterling Thompson qualities. The "thoroughbred" was nominated on 46.62 per cent of the party vote cast.

For the mayoral election April 7, however, Thompson had more to contend with than the rended opposition within his own party. Again, as when he made sounds like a candidate in 1927 and when he tried to reëlect Crowe state's attorney in 1928, indignation against his kind of government brought a general uprising. The issue burned clear and bright—"Anti-Thompsonism." Anton J. Cermak, democratic candidate nominally but in fact standard bearer for all against Thompson, was given a majority of 194,257 of the 1,164,492 votes cast. That total, the largest ever counted in a Chicago city election, meant that a lot of people who ordinarily make voting an affair of personal convenience made it their principal business that day.

The Builder offered nothing more in his latest campaign than in his earlier ones. He clamored against election of a man called "Tony," Cermak's popular nickname, to be mayor through the Century of Progress, Chicago's 1933 world's fair. "Tony" suggested pushcart, and the Thompson minstrels produced a song on that line. But it lacked the bounding spirit of "Big Bill the Builder" and "America First." Moreover, it was difficult to broadcast music from the city hall when the bumping of vehicles over unmended pavements resounded through the city. The gasoline flares dimmed and the banners once bright with the pictured monstrosities of World Court and King George sagged in the rising whirlwind. An hour after the polls closed Thompson was counted out.

Out as mayor of Chicago but still the boisterous handy man of the nation, Forty-eight hours after leaving the city hall he was off on a chartered steamboat stirring up the Mississippi valley again with his old whoop for deep waterways. Six months from now he may have some entirely different project to present with a drum corps and mass meetings. It is not at all certain that Chicago or the United States has lost the figure that gave as much distinctive color to public affairs as any man of his generation.

After twelve years of Thompson—indeed, well before now—Chicago, on one side or the other, is ready to follow Big Bill to the White House or to chase him through the deepest of his deep waterways. There is no middle ground in taking an attitude toward Thompson. Thompson voters—probably to the last man, his wife and his children of age—are bound by substantial ties. Some get city jobs, some special privilege and some Christmas baskets from the precinct committeeman. The opposition, more numerous though it may be, hasn't these practical arrangements. At the polls it's minute men against regulars.

One of the staunchest subalterns, Morris Eller, boss of a west side ward whose population is largely Negroes and immigrants, is an expert in Thompson organization. He holds a loving cup awarded by Big Bill for the best showing made by a precinct captain—Eller's

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grade at the time—in the election of 1915. It was announced at a dinner that Morris's precinct registration had been won for Thompson with the exception of one voter.

"And I'm going to find out who that was," said Eller.

WHEN Senator James A. Reed's committee investigated Illinois senatorial campaign expenditures in 1926 Eller was a witness. His testimony went far toward explaining how Thompson organizers win and hold votes beyond the circles of job holders and beneficiaries of privilege.

"The people in my ward are not prosperous," he said. "They need help. Poor people cannot afford jury service. I get them off. I get peddler permits free. I send them coal in the winter. When they get into trouble, maybe for disorderly, maybe for a clothes line fight, I arrange their bonds. We're there 365 days a year. When election day comes around we mark a specimen ballot. Our precinct committeemen and their assistants carry them out. Naturally we get a unanimous response."

Many substantial citizens who opposed Thompson believe he would have been a good mayor with good sponsors and good advisors. Throughout his administrations he seldom has acted on his own initiative except to fling away on his show-off junkets or to quarrel with his colleagues. Others, sharper politicians, have planned his way and guided him along it. With his heritage it is reasonable to suppose that he also would have followed the guidance of better company and would have found as much pleasure being Big Bill in a more wholesome setting. Perhaps then The Builder would have had more of substance than brag in his record and the voice of "America First" arising from the country's second largest city would have meant more than a windy jab at King George V—or was it George III?

Finance

▶▶*Uncle Sam in Red*

IT IS now estimated that at the end of the current fiscal year on June 30 the government will face a deficit of $800,000,000. Another large deficit is believed to be in prospect twelve months later. Under such circumstances an eventual increase in Federal taxes appears to be unavoidable. Of two things, however, the taxpayers may be assured: there will be no increase in 1931, because Congress will not meet again until December; and there is not likely to be an increase in 1932, because that is an election year.

That explains why Senator Fess the other day cautiously admitted that he expected higher taxes "two years hence." It also explains why the newspapers on April 1 *(absit omen)* carried a statement from President Hoover to the effect that there would be no increase in taxation if Congress refrained from adding to the appropriations which the Administration would propose. Incidentally, this attempt to shift the blame to Congress for any financial snarl which might develop evoked a rejoinder from several Republican Senators. Even so regular a party man as Senator Jones of Washington took umbrage and pointed out that during the session just closed Congress had appropriated $27,000,000 less than had been recommended by the Director of the Budget.

Of course, if the government's income falls so far below its outgo as the estimates indicate, it will have to do something to improve its budget. Some members of Congress have dismissed the problem by saying that a big upturn in business is due in 1932, and that this will take care of the treasury's needs. In this case the wish is evidently father to the thought. Yet many less optimistic members are still opposed to any change in the tax rate next year.

During the current year the government obviously will have to borrow; indeed, it is already borrowing on a large scale. Early in March it floated a billion and a half dollars in treasury certificates and new bonds, and on March 30 it issued an additional $100,000,000 in ninety-day treasury bills. On April 8 it floated another loan for eight months in the sum of $275,000,000. The picture of the Federal Government borrowing so heavily to meet its peace-time expenditures is not alluring, and yet the recent Congress was probably justified in not imposing heavier tax burdens at this time. The psychological effect on business would probably have been worse than the taxes themselves.

As to the proposal for reducing the amount of the annual debt retirements, there is hardly any ground for debate. In past years the debt has been reduced in two ways: first, through the regular sinking-fund appropriation fixed by law, and, second, through the application of treasury surpluses in prosperous years to payments on the debt.

Technically, any reduction of the sinking-fund requirements stipulated when the loans were issued would hardly be consistent with the good faith which the government should keep with its creditors. Secretary Mellon has repeatedly emphasized this point. In this particular case, however, the bondholders would probably be more disposed to welcome than to oppose a postponement of the redemption of the world's prime investment issue.

On the other hand, to lengthen the term of maturity of a debt will greatly increase its total cost to the taxpayers. At 4 per cent interest the total cost of a debt of a billion dollars increases $20,000,000 for every year that its redemption is postponed. From this it is easy to estimate the added burden of postponing the full payment of our debt of sixteen billions for even a brief period. In this fact, too, we find sufficient reason for opposing the efforts which will be made to extend the date for the redemption of the Federal war debts.

Some have urged that since the debts of the Allied nations to the United States run for sixty-two years, the maturity of our domestic debt should be extended for a similar period, instead of being paid off within the next twenty years. A little calculation will show that this extension would afford only slight relief to the present generation of taxpayers and that it would force the next generation to pay approximately as much as the present one has done.

If business does not improve sufficiently in the coming year to enable the treasury to make both ends meet without borrowing, the palpable remedy will be an increase in taxes. As to how taxes should be raised, in the event that this procedure is necessary, there are two conflicting opinions. Senators Borah and Norris, speaking for the progressive element, have declared in favor of higher surtaxes. Senator Bingham, voicing a more conservative view, has urged that the amount of the personal exemption be lowered, so as to bring more citizens on the Federal tax rolls. Two arguments have been advanced in favor of this view. In the first place, the payment of even a small amount of tax increases the interest of the citizen in his government. Such a tax should be regarded as in the nature of club dues for membership in the U. S. A.

The second argument is purely fiscal. When Congress increased the amount of the personal exemption, some five years ago, it struck two million taxpayers from the income-tax rolls. There may be good fiscal reasons for putting them back, but they have votes, and Congress will only consider such a proposal as a last resort.

WILLIAM O. SCROGGS.

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The New Books

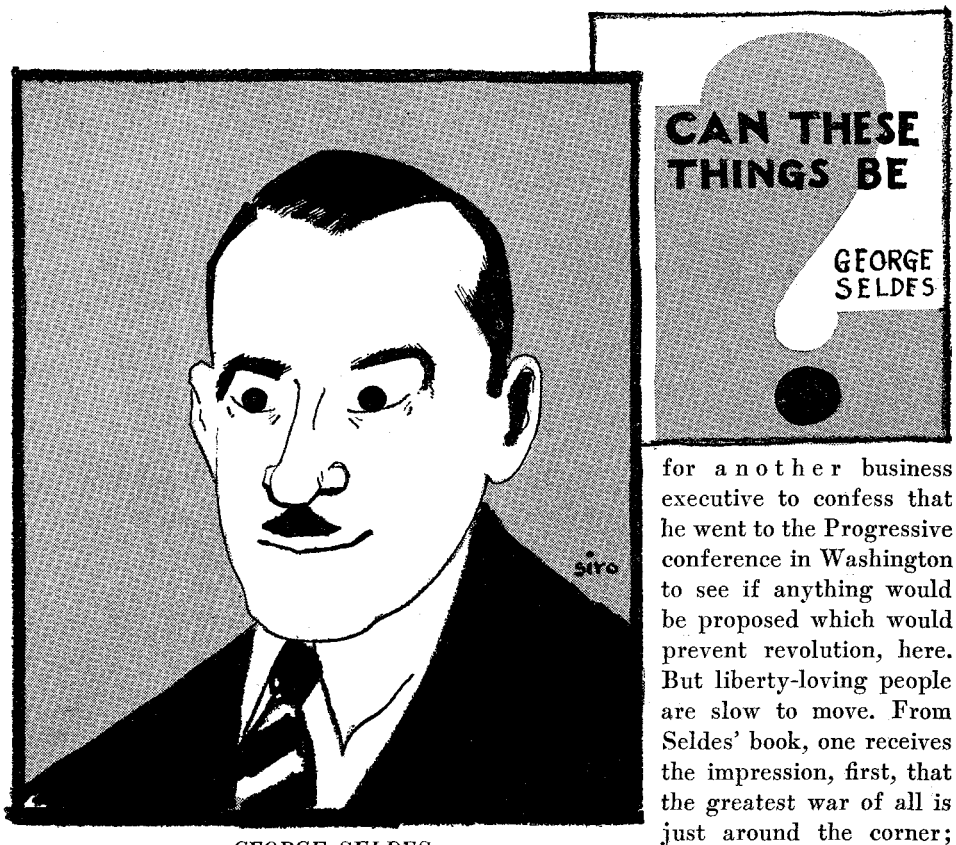
They Already Are

"CAN These Things Be?" by George Seldes (Brewer & Warren, $4). Seldes is a reporter with an open mind and a passion for finding out the truth about things. Both qualities have led him into tight places, some of which he describes in this second volume of his findings. The reviewer strictly of writing could say nothing about Mr. Seldes' book, except that it has most of the faults of journalistic writing and a few of the virtues which that style can develop. But that is beside the point; the material, here, is the thing. There is some trifling gossip about personalities in the book, a few insignificant anecdotes, tabloid newspaper stuff about the Roumanian royalties, who should move in a body to Hollywood, and a chapter on the tragedies that lie in the wake of psychoanalysis as practised by charlatans in Vienna, which, although perhaps new to some readers, is scarcely of an importance appropriate to the rest of the material.

You Can't Print That, the first Seldes book, gave the truth behind the news of 1918-1929. The new volume tells as much as Seldes has been able to find out about what must be read between the lines of our foreign news, today. "Today," writes Seldes, "the countries free or nearly free from national political terror are the United States, Britain (home only, not colonies), France, Austria, Scandinavia, Argentine and Brazil." He concentrates upon the terrorism practised by the world's greatest present enemies to liberty, Bolshevism and Fascism; upon the internal workings of the terror; *agents-provocateurs,* torture, murder; and upon its external workings carried on by means of propaganda and press censorship. He has more data on the external workings of Bolshevism and the internal workings of Fascism, although it did not need his disclosures to show Americans how well doctored are their own press reports on Russia and Italy. He described the Communist efforts to foment colonial revolt and military mutiny (and their frequent success), and Fascist plans for increasing the population of Italy until she must expand or burst (and how the Roman Church, natural enemy of Fascism, is its ally there).

Can These Things Be? is a book for ostrich-optimists in America to read. We have progressed far enough, here, for the head of a railroad to say, in public, that Capitalism is a failure, and for another business executive to confess that he went to the Progressive conference in Washington to see if anything would be proposed which would prevent revolution, here. But liberty-loving people are slow to move. From Seldes' book, one receives the impression, first, that the greatest war of all is just around the corner; second, that the United States, unless the liberty lovers move, will have to choose, before long, one of two tyrannies, Bolshevism or Fascism.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.



GEORGE SELDES

The Week's Reading

"LENIN" by D. S. Mirsky (Little, Brown, $2.50), "Lenin, Red Dictator," by George Vernadsky (Yale University Press, $3), "Lenin, God of the Godless" by Ferdinand Ossendowski (Dutton, $3.75). Of these three books about Lenin, appearing almost simultaneously, that by Mr. Vernadsky is far the most comprehensive and satisfactory. The author does not strain after popularity nor does he emphasize the ruthless and bloody episodes of the Revolution. He sees in Lenin at once the idealist, the fanatic and the opportunist. To Lenin "the Communist doctrine was not merely a political doctrine. It took the place of a religion, it was his philosophy, it guided his scientific thought." As an individual and in his personal relations to life Lenin still remains a shadowy being. There was a time when he was supposed to be a mere follower of Marx and a dreamy philosopher. But his executive ability, his ruthless repression of counter-revolution and his influence over his political associates soon made him master of the situation.

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

The Winding Lane, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday, Doran. A challenge to our "new morality," interestingly written with fine character portrayal. Reviewed April 1.

The Bridge of Desire, by Warwick Deeping: McBride. Deeping's sensible if not original ideas about marriage and divorce in a machine-made story. Reviewed March 25.

Above the Dark Tumult, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. An intended analogy to Don Quixote which is dull and hard to follow. Reviewed April 8.

The White Faun, by Olive Higgins Prouty: Houghton, Mifflin. Youth in revolt against the conventions of the older generation in a new novel by the author of **Stella Dallas.**

Non-Fiction

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A sparkling little book of amusing mistakes. Reviewed March 11.

Jungle Ways, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt Brace. A highly entertaining and vivid account of native life on Africa's Ivory Coast. Reviewed April 8.

Men of Art, by Thomas Craven: Simon & Schuster. The author's aim is to help the ordinary picture-lover. Reviewed April 15.

The Road to Culture, by Charles Gray Shaw: Funk & Wagnalls. A charming book with a fresh outlook on daily living.

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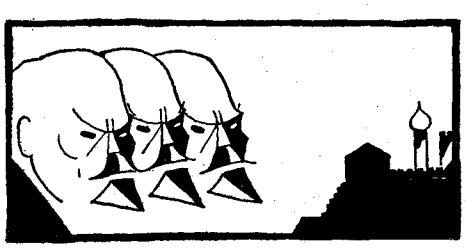
The book by Mirsky—the son of a prince yet a convert to the Revolution—is much slighter than Mr. Vernadsky's, and gives us even less of the human-nature side of the dictator. It minimizes the brutal side of the Soviet rule—one might read it through without noticing the two slight references to the Cheka and its slaughters. It gives us dates and sequences of Lenin's life and his acts but it is not strong in the matter of interpretation. In fact it reads rather more like an expanded magazine article than a work of permanent value. As to Ossendowski's excitable and high-pitched contribution to the subject, one hesitates whether to call it frenzied fiction or frantic biography. We have Lenin the boy cheating with loaded dice, Lenin the dictator peering from behind a curtain in the Cheka viewing the slaughter of a father, a mother and a child after they have given information on a promise not to be slain, Lenin the sensualist in the bagnios, etc., etc. One recalls the fact that earlier books by the author aroused question as to what was actual and what invented in his extraordinary narratives.

"Green Hell," by Julian Duguid (Century, $4). This narrative of travel through the Bolivian jungle is more than readable, it is high-spirited and entertaining. Somewhere the author says that he has found that seven readers out of ten skip references to scenery which occupy more than one paragraph; and he lives up to this standard. We have animated talk, chaff, stories of dangers, much toil and suffering, always endured manfully and in a spirit of comradery. These three men, a diplomat, a cinematographer and a writer, forced their way through the Bolivian Chaco—variously described as horrible, beautiful, fever-ridden, mad splendor, reeking with death. They had trouble with Indians but far more trouble with insects—the terrible *ihenni* who could sting a man to death or (as happened in one Indian's case) madden him with sleeplessness until he died. War between Bolivia and Paraguay was on when they started (the Chaco is in the contested territory) but it was over when they got out. They went through regions not traversed by white men since the Spaniards were there three hundred years ago. Always they kept their temper and their friendly and humorous attitude toward one another. Their endurance never failed. A marvelous adventure, capitally told!

"The Dreyfus Affair" by Jacques Kayser (Covici, Friede, $5). The other day a pleasant-faced French officer saw in Paris the drama *L'Affaire Dreyfus*. "This production is against my wishes," said Colonel Dreyfus, "one would think they would wait until a man was decently dead." There are still disputed questions about the shares taken in the persecution of Dreyfus by those who chose him as the victim of their treason and perjury; but since the publication of the famous "Bordereau," purporting to be a list of accomplices written by Dreyfus, and obviously a forgery by enemies, there has never been a question of doubt as to the innocence of Dreyfus. What a history! Condemned as a traitor, sent to the horrors of Devil Island for life, recalled in four years, again found guilty "with extenuating circumstances," championed by Zola and Clemenceau, in 1906 clearly shown to be innocent, restored to his rank, an efficient officer in the Great War. The intricacies of the plot against him were a weird tangle of lies, inventions of the real traitors, fanned by hatred of him as a Jew. Here, in the book by Jacques Kayser, the nephew of Dreyfus, is told in full detail the extraordinary story, and it seems to justify the claim of the publishers that it is a completely documented and authoritative statement. No romance or tragedy ever had a more thrilling climax than that of the day when Dreyfus was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor at almost the very spot where he had been degraded with insult amid the howls of a mob.

"The Dangerous Life" by Ben B. Lindsey and Rube Borough (Liveright, $3). Judge Lindsey's natural fault as a writer is volubility and the overstress of pathos. The collaboration in this book has had a beneficial effect, especially in the early part, which is a clear, direct narrative. The life here described has been one long, eager, vigorous protest against the "legal" ill-treatment of children as if they were adult criminals, and against cruelty, abuse and neglect. As George Creel, editor of the Denver *Rocky Mountain News*, puts it, Judge Lindsey's "one crime is that he chose to fight for the unhappy and helpless of the world instead of purring at the legs of wealth and power." To Lindsey, among other things, we owe the Juvenile Court; his was the first court of the kind; the first to claim and get jurisdiction over the



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child accused of wrongdoing and over the adult owing responsibility to that child. The story of what he did in Denver, of how he fought conservatism and entrenched capital, is both human and dramatic. Of the new matter in the book, we welcome especially the statements as to "companionate marriage," his views of which have been rather generally misunderstood, the account of his disbarment, on technicalities (in Colorado only—he was soon admitted to the bar of California and may practice in any state except Colorado), and we note, but without much excitement, the account of his controversy (or squabble) with Bishop Manning. People may at times doubt the Judge's discretion, but no fair-minded man who reads this book will question his deep humanity and his terrific earnestness.—R. D. T.

"AMBROSE HOLT and Family," by Susan Glaspell (Stokes, $2.50). The authoress, in this tragi-comedy, is more the dramatist of character than the sustained novelist of *Brook Evans*. This is a novel which develops about a family episode, and, in form if not in length, resembles a short story. The scene does not change; the action is concentrated; the conflict is limited to two characters; and the people of the story begin and end, so far as the reader is concerned, with the story. The conflict is between a husband and a wife who love each other but who are separated by that wall of non-understanding which even love cannot raze or scale. The wife is caught in the net of what her family, husband and friends want to think that she is, is not "permitted to have as much mind" as she really has. The husband, a poet who will be a good provider and a good fellow first and a poet second, cherishes the idea of being "a homesick soul . . . . always homesick for the other thing, and so never coming completely into the moment," and feeds his ego, which has suffered early humiliation, on the vanity of doing his "duty" with an air of cynical martyrdom. The action of the story centers in the return to town of the poet's father, who has deserted his family years before to loaf about the world and invite his soul. His return presents problems; but his philosophical advice, and his too convenient death, solve them, at least for the purposes of the book. Susan Glaspell writes her readable story with sympathy and intelligence, but *Ambrose Holt and Family* lacks the scope and power of *Brook Evans*.—F. L. R.

"OUR AMERICAN MUSIC" by John Tasker Howard (Crowell $6). This rather formidable tome, evidently the result of laborious research, makes a sincere attempt to trace comprehensively the development of American music, if indeed there be such a thing. The first part is written in quite a readable style, and is interestingly arranged. The latter sections read too much like the American supplement to Grove's Dictionary, to which it is inferior in both its inclusions and exclusions. The chapter on the moderns, bristling with flaming quotations from the incandescent Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, seems to take these gentlemen a bit seriously. Mr. Howard urges us not to laugh at their works till after several hearings. A hard saying, which would, we fear, postpone the laughter *sine die!*—M. K.

Behind the Blurbs

IN *Sea Loot*[1], several seafaring gentlemen with a grievance steal a destroyer from the Peruvians and go in for high sea robbery. The details of their exploits, including the holding up of several liners and a sea fight, are interesting and exciting. It seems too bad that a girl stowaway had to be brought in to provide sex appeal, for all she provided us with was a hearty pain in the neck. Leaving out this silly creature—whose name, Gwennol, sounds like a Socony product—it's a good adventure story. ☙ ☙ ☙ Ben, the ex-sailor tramp, whom you have met before, is the hero of *The House Opposite*[2]. He is not handsome, as you will see by the picture on the jacket, but a real hero none the less. His stay in an empty house is interrupted by an Australian, a murderous Indian, a pretty girl (good) and another pretty girl (bad), and several other unpleasant people. In his efforts to protect the pretty girl (good) Ben gets shot at, thrown down a well, and ends up in a coffin, from which, at the last moment, he leaps to victory. Exciting and amusing. ☙ ☙ ☙ Hobart, in Tasmania, to the casual reader of sea tales and sea history, is little known. But it was once an important port. From it fleets of whaling ships set sail; clipper ships built of Tasmanian timber left it on the long journey round the Horn. In *Vanished Fleets*[3] A. J. Villiers tells stories of these ships that he has dug out of the old records—tales of convict ships, of the "girl ships" that brought out wives for the settlers, of voyages of exploration. There are dozens of tales here, and all of them good reading. ☙ ☙ ☙ The John Burroughs Memorial Association sponsors the publication of *The Slabsides Book*[4], a collection of ten articles by Hamlin Garland, Elbert Hubbard, Frank M. Chapman, Clara Barrus and others, commemorating and giving an informal history of the famous cabin where Burroughs lived and worked and received his friends for so many years. ☙ ☙ ☙ Suspense is well handled in *Murder in Room 700*[5], where you will read of Mrs. Channing and her escape from the hotel room where Phil Darrow lay dead on the floor. Phil's friend, Ryder, the Asst. D. A., tries to keep her out of the investigation, in spite of the fact that the key to Room 700 is in her possession, but through every chapter your ear is alert for the approaching footsteps of the minions of the law.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By A. D. Divine: McBride, $2.00.
2. By J. Jefferson Farjeon: Dial, $2.00.
3. Holt, $3.50.
4. Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50.
5. By M. H. Bradley: Appleton, $2.00.

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Debunking Personality

Psychology and Character Development

UNTIL the appearance of *Let's Be Normal* in 1929, the name of Fritz Künkel was unknown to most Americans. The first translation of his work, however, revealed a point of view so original and profound that the book became to many a new psychological Bible. In fact, stripped of its terminology and reduced to fundamentals, its philosophy of non-resistance and losing one's life to find it, had a certain kinship with New Testament teachings. The new book, *God Helps Those* (Ives Washburn) is a clearer and even more practical exposition of Dr. Künkel's way of leading his patient to probe to the very depth of his egocentricity and finally surrender self-love and the desire to dominate others.

With other individual psychologists, Dr. Künkel regards the ego-drive as the center of most of our difficulties. However we deceive ourselves, he finds us determined to dominate environment, either directly by the assertion of power, or indirectly by enthronement, using the love and admiration of others as a lever. In either case, we do not achieve maturity until we are willing to abandon the goal of ego-supremacy and accept full responsibility for motives and conduct. In particular we must face our habits of self-deception. So, if you're preaching in grand white robes to an army of unemployed, you must be sure it's bread and work you wish to give, not just an opportunity to admire your spiritual appearance and pure diction. If you're pitying the poor as a social worker, watch out lest your real purpose is to achieve a feeling of superiority. The sacrificial parent may be seeking only to extend self-love and possess the young. The process of ridding the self of false trappings and secret motives requires courage and honesty. And, instead of making us despise human nature, it awakens deep compassion. For we aren't so bad, naturally. We're victims of runaway egos mostly because of a false start in childhood.

According to another psychologist, uncovering personality is a complex process because every human being leads a double life. In *Dreams and Personality* by Frederick Pierce (Appleton) we find we have not only a waking personality to contend with but a sleeping one to understand. This book embodies the results of a study of the dreams of more than 200 adults, numbering some 4000 in all. To illustrate the method, a detailed analysis of the dreams of 18 people, including a brilliant lecturer, an operatic artiste, a business woman, an editor, a girl of the submerged tenth and a financier, is given. In each case, the dreams are supplemented by a brief record of the life. Although a student of Freud, Dr. Pierce's conclusions are not in accord with the Freudian theory of the dream as a phantasy wish fulfillment concerning chiefly the instincts of sex and hunger. He finds that for some the dream is woven about unsolved difficulties; for others, it is a release of artistically creative tendencies. It may be an escape valve for undischarged fragments of the day's ideas or a warning bearing on character or conduct. Most frequently, however, the dream is a supplement to the waking mind, often expressing what is either voluntarily or involuntarily suppressed or ruled out of the day's work. That it is not accidental but purposive, at least with the majority of dreamers, is perhaps the surest conclusion of all.

HOW a personality became lost in the fog of mental sickness and found itself again is told by Marion King in *The Recovery of Myself* (Yale University Press), with a preface by Dr. Adolf Meyer. The utter simplicity and candor of this brief account of a young woman's experience in a hospital for disordered minds makes it a most appealing document. The author gives a vivid picture of the hospital, the nurses, her fellow patients and her reactions during the year of her stay. To the general reader, the most interesting chapter will probably be the one which reveals the skillful analysis by which she was led to see how the beginning of her sickness was due to her desire to escape the disappointments and frustrations of living by taking sleep-inducing drugs. Even deeper, how she became ready to face the future, going on her own psychologically, with no anodyne to shield her from the responsibilities of the common lot.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 566 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

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The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

Super-Sensitive

EASTMAN research technicians have evolved a new "super-sensitive" high-speed film for motion picture work which requires but from one-third to a half as much light as is needed at present. This is an extremely important development, more important than you might think. The studios welcome it because it will reduce their excessively high electric light bills by more than a half, and enable them to make pictures with fewer lamps and smaller stage crews. Sets will not take so long to "dress" and dismantle, and the whole studio routine will be simplified. The actors welcome it because they will no longer have to work in a suffocating, inhuman heat generated by thousands and thousands of candle power glaring down upon them every time they murmur words of love or shoot another gunman. They will now have a little less trouble in behaving like human beings. The acute physical discomfort suffered by movie actors has never, it seems to me, had sufficient publicity. Between scenes assistants often go about with blotting paper (in order not to disturb makeup), blotting beads of perspiration from the faces of unhappy players who are going through a scene for the third, fourth and fifth times. After a few hours under these cruel lights, newspapers, letters and other papers used in a scene are as yellow and brittle as though they had lain in a hot sun all summer.

It didn't use to be so hot in movie studios, for in the old days they used "kleigs" and ordinary arc lights. But when sound came in they quickly discovered that these made hissing noises which were picked up by the microphones. Consequently they resorted to incandescent lighting by enormous 10,000 watt lamps. But here was still another difficulty. The old kleig lights, strong in ultra-violet and blue rays, register perfectly on the regular orthochromatic film—while the incandescent lamps, which are strong in red and yellow rays, are weak in blue and ultra-violet rays. The result was that the studios had to use a great many more lamps since sound came in, to make up for this shortage of the necessary blue and ultra-violet rays. This increased number of lamps naturally turned the studios into veritable ovens where innocent actors were rapidly broiled alive even while endeavoring to look cool and collected.

The next move came from the Eastman laboratories, where about half the film used in Hollywood is made (the other half being supplied by Dupont). The Rochester engineers produced an emulsion (the sensitive coating on a film) which responded to yellow rays—in other words, artificial light. This is the new "super-sensitive" film. Fox newsreel cameramen have already used about a hundred thousand feet of this new negative, and in four or five months it (or another brand fulfilling the same requirements) will undoubtedly be in use in all the studios. The Fox cameramen have discovered some curious things about this "raw stock," as it is known in the studios. It actually works better in twilight than at high noon, because there are more yellow rays in the sun at that time. By way of experiment they set up a camera in the balcony of a theatre in New York and photographed the show without a single extra light. The results were about what you yourself would see if you were sitting in the theatre. Then they went out onto Broadway and made shots of people, taxis, street cars, electric signs and street lights. For once you could see distinctly what was going on. Electric lights looked like electric lights, not hazy splotches. Furthermore, you could see the foreground with pavement, people and store windows all quite visible. Usually night shots of city streets are made very slowly in order to give the film time to register. The result is that when shown at a normal rate of speed the action is tremendously accelerated. The "super-sensitive" film can be taken and shown at the same speed.

To the movie-going public the new film is important in so far as it simplifies and cheapens the production of motion pictures. Every invention which eliminates even a few of the thousands of technical difficulties which stand between the director with an idea and the completed film is valuable. Three years ago the late F. W. Murnau expressed the opinion that the cinema would progress just as rapidly as the manufacturers produced more and more sensitive film. Well, I am afraid that is an exaggeration. What we really need are more and more sensitive movie magnates. But for the time being at least, the new film is something we should be thankful for.

Worth Seeing

Cimarron: Colorful and exciting story of early days in Oklahoma. From Edna Ferber's novel.

Connecticut Yankee: Will Rogers, King Arthur, Merlin and the boys.

City Lights: Sometimes Chaplin is funny and sometimes he is sad.

Dirigible: Fine pictures of planes and dirigibles surrounded by a sappy Hollywood story.

The Front Page: Grand entertainment and some dialogue which will make your hair stand on end. Adolphe Menjou as a city editor.

Rango: Pleasant pictures of apes and monkeys, made in Sumatra.

Skippy: A picture about children which is never cute or coy, yet always delightful. Percy Crosby's cartoon characters.

Strangers May Kiss: The latest bulletin on we-girls' love problems. Norma Shearer tries to lead her own life and runs into difficulties.

Tabu: A beautiful and moving story of primitive peoples filmed by the late F. W. Murnau in the South Seas. Silent.

"The Millionaire"

George Arliss' fourth talking film is again a new edition of an earlier silent picture, a pleasant and graciously acted but never very exciting or convincing story of a retired millionaire automobile manufacturer who runs a corner filling station to escape boredom. Back in his factory he had been a cross between Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller, Sr., but after hiding his identity under a shabby suit and a false name he goes into business with a poor but honest young man who thinks he is just a nice old fellow out of work. His wife (played by Mrs. Arliss herself) and his daughter (Evelyn Knapp) think he is spending his days loafing with a friend, while he is really polishing windshields and filling cars with gasoline. *The Millionaire* gives Mr. Arliss just about the same opportunities to be quaint and sly and shrewd which he enjoyed in his earlier films. In fact, a number of times during the picture I had the feeling that I was seeing *Old English* done over again, but this time in fancy dress. Mr. Arliss never changes.

Baclanova's Baby

Variety, the theatrical newspaper with the strangle hold on the English language, offers the following information: "Olga Baclanova, off the screen for several months for motherhood purposes, is expected to go back with a Metro contract. Miss Baclanova has been tested for a part in *Great Lover* and is probable for the femme lead."

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▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

A NEW writer, Mr. Sheridan Gibney, has given us the first really amusing play for weeks. It is called *The Wiser They Are* and it has been presented to us by Jed Harris with his two standbys, Ruth Gordon and Osgood Perkins, in the leading parts. As to plot the thing is slight indeed but it shares another characteristic with Noel Coward's *Private Lives* — it is full of lines which in themselves are nothing but which in their context bring hearty and spontaneous laughter. In other words, comparative novice though Mr. Gibney may be he has a fine ear for the theatrical, as opposed to the literary, phrase.

For the rest of the incomplete title I presume we are expected to supply, "the harder they fall" and thus justify the author's flattering faith in our brightness, for the theme of *The Wiser They Are* is the one about the philandering young man-about-town and the almost promiscuous lass-about-the-same-village who get married all in a spirit of fun and end by being in love. The locale is one of those awfully smart bachelor penthouse apartments in New York and the bridal suite aboard ship.

However, the production which Jed Harris has given *The Wiser They Are* is not entirely worthy of the witty manuscript. The acting ranges from the near perfection of Osgood Perkins, through the painfully affected but often effective work of Ruth Gordon, down to some very amateurish emoting by a young Mr. Ben Lackland. That Perkins man is, of course, coming more and more to be recognized as technically our finest younger actor in a variety of parts. Miss Gordon, on the other hand, except for her fine work last year in *Hotel Universe* under the tasteful direction of Philip Moeller, has been getting more and more irritatingly kittenish. Since playing *Serena Blandish* she has also taken to sprinkling her speeches with a profusion of broad "a's" —in all the wrong places—"Fahncy that," for example. My agents haven't reported to me whether Jed Harris directed *The Wiser They Are* himself or whether, as has been previously the case, he simply gave the director no credit on the program. At any rate I know it wasn't George Kaufman or Worthington Miner who staged it, either of whom I'm sure would have established better tempo and avoided some transparent efforts at elegance that did the play no good. But I'm just being a carping old crab (if such miscegenation is possible), as the show's many merits make it a most welcome relief from some of the other vernal offerings.

A late addition to the unusually large number of the season's revivals is *Peter Ibbetson,* Lee Shubert's presentation of Constance Collier's revision of John N. Raphael's dramatization of George du Maurier's novel—if you see what I mean. I'm the fellow who never read the book, saw the play with John and Lionel Barrymore fourteen years ago, nor had the price to see the opera this past winter. Deplorable as such ignorance may be it at least enables me to judge the current production as a play being presented in the spring of 1931. Admittedly a rank sentimentalist, it is a pleasure to be able to report to others who don't mind a sniffle or two now and then that Dennis King as Peter Ibbetson is truly heartbreaking at times and that Valerie Taylor and Jessie Royce Landis lend him fine support.

The two *motifs* of *Peter Ibbetson,* love unfulfilled except in dreams and after death, and the story of the boy who stood everything from his foster parent except a slander on his mother's name, may seem to some old-fashioned or overly romantic, but such is the feeling of sincerity which the generally fine company under the direction of Miss Constance Collier herself manage to impart to the lines that I am sure there are many who will be really touched—even in this year of little grace.

Recommended Current Shows

Admirable Crichton: Competent production of Barrie's satire.
As Husbands Go: Typical John Golden-Rachel Crothers clean and bright comedy.
Civic Repertory: Last month before this excellent troupe takes a year off.
Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook nonsense and some good songs and dances.
Five Star Final: Arthur Byron in an earnest and exciting play about the tabloids.
Girl Crazy: Best words and music in town, by the Gershwins.
Grand Hotel: Skillfully presented thrilling events in a German hotel.
Mrs. Moonlight: Sweet, teary and occasionally witty comedy well acted.
Once in a Lifetime: Hollywood expertly kidded.
Private Lives: Deft acting in a brilliant comedy by and with Noel Coward with Gertrude Lawrence.
Sweet and Low: Rough and funny revue with some catchy songs.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Interesting, if spotty, play with Katharine Cornell at her best.
The Silent Witness: For those who like to guess who killed whom.
The Wonder Bar: Al Jolson as an engaging night club proprietor. No mammy songs!
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's sensitively penetrating play. Beautiful acting by Herbert Marshall.
Vinegar Tree: Smart slapstick farce about Long Island life.

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▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

IT IS a satisfaction to learn, at a time when business in so many lines is almost at a standstill, that there is one profession which has not suffered,—which has, indeed, shown a steady gain. Young men who are hesitating before deciding to what work they shall devote their lives will do well to consider this field. The risks are nowadays not great; the rewards are, we suppose, adequate, or so many would not be employed in it. We refer to murder. More than twice as many people were murdered in this country in 1930 as in 1900, and the rise in rate has been steady; there have been no really bad years, none which has not shown a small but satisfactory increase. Of course, the opportunities are better in some cities than in others. The young murderer, like the young doctor, should pick the town with the high death rate. New York and Chicago, contrary to the general opinion, offer no special advantages. The 1930 rate per 100,000 is respectively 6.2 and 12.1. Leaving aside the question of fractional murders, suggested by these figures—which in any case are probably not professional jobs—it would seem better to pick a town like Memphis, which, with its rate of 51.6, must be a sort of murderers' paradise. In fact, the South as a whole is much better than the North. Of course, the young American murderer will find a certain amount of competition from abroad, since the rate in England, for instance, being only one seventeenth of ours, scarcely permits its native workers to make a living, and as a result many foreign workers are being dumped in the American field. This may in time become a problem serious enough for consideration by our tariff and immigration experts, but at present our American experts, hampered by lack of national organization, have no recourse but their own personal ingenuity. At least there are two countries whose competition they need not fear. Siam and Russia both have rates higher than ours. Undoubtedly, however, with our more civilized methods this lead will soon be cut down. It is up to Americans to see that it is.

. . . . .

"Compared to the female body, the average milk-jug or even cuspidor is a thing of intelligent and gratifying design,—an objet d'art . . . ."—H. L. Mencken ("In Defense of Women").

When I survey my own Lenore
Whose curves are far superior
To milk-jug or to cuspidor,
  She dazzles me;
Yet twenty years from now, her lines
Will have burst from their chaste confines
And fats will vie with vitamines;
  —I can foresee

When she'll present for my conjecture
Cuspidoric architecture,—
Then, O Mencken, shall thy lecture
  Comfort me!

MAURICE SAGOFF.

. . . . .

Said A. Edward Newton
To William Lyon Phelps:
"I tell you what helps
If at fame you are shootin'—
To talk about people,
Real important people,
Tell how well you know 'em,
Call 'em Ed and Billy
Tell how Shaw laughed
When you made that funny crack,
Tell how Mr. Taft
Slapped you on the back.
You may sound silly,
But that shows your readers
You're in step with the leaders,
Not ten steps below 'em."

Said William Lyon Phelps
To A. Edward Newton:
"You're gol darn tootin'!
I call Morley 'Chris,'
And I call Lewis 'Red,'
But let me tell you this:
It's best when they're dead.
Live ones get shirty,
But old Wolfgang Goethe
And old Mig Cervantes
Can't kick your panties,
And nothing gets to ranklin'
In old Ben Franklin
If you get too familiar.
If they're dead they can't kill ya.
And another little trick
That works pretty slick:
Always prophesy fame
For the man who has won it.
Climb up on the steeple,
Praise him good and loud.
Most of the people
Won't have heard his name;
When they hear acclaim
They'll think you begun it
If you outshout the crowd.
And if you're good at phrasing
They'll forget the man you're praising
And praise you instead.
Aren't people silly!"

"Good old Ed!"

"Grand old Billy!"

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Music

Notable New Recordings

IF IT'S novelty you want, and don't mind a laugh or two at the same time, I've got just the thing for you. A new British firm, the Decca Company, has sent over two records which bear the name *Façade*[1]. Why the name. I don't know. The four twelve-inch sides are taken up with eleven apparently unrelated poems by Edith Sitwell which are recited by her and Mr. Constant Lambert, whose choral and orchestral work, *Rio Grande*, I ridiculed in this column some time ago. There is an orchestral accompaniment (or interference) to Miss Sitwell's poems, composed by William Walton. I may have been doing Mr. Lambert an injustice when I patronizingly called his music silly; maybe it was meant to be after all. In this case the spectators at the first performance of *Façade* in London were told that if they felt like laughing to go ahead and laugh. Well, the whole thing is a brilliant burlesque of modern poetry and music, and I heartily recommend it. Various importers have it.

Another interesting ultra-modern work is de Falla's *Concerto*[2] for harpsichord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and 'cello, with the composer at the harpsichord. For some time it has been difficult to get the whole work from the importers, as only the first half was sent over. Now you can get the whole thing from either the Gramophone Shop or the New York Band Instrument Company, and even if there were no other reasons the fine recording and Manuel de Falla's brilliant playing would make it worth the bother, and the use of the harpsichord with most up-to-date harmonies is fascinating.

Columbia have entered the Ravel *Bolero* field with a rendition by Willem Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam which contains much of interest[3]. The interpretation is more like the composer's than Koussevitsky's—Mengelberg only accelerates slightly at the very end—and from the standpoint of clarity particularly the recording is the best of the three.

A most amusing dance disk has appeared, the subjects of which have stood the test of time. The Casa Loma Orchestra have a great deal of fun with *Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*[4] and leave them as good to dance to as ever. It's a good lively band with lots of imagination.

O. C.-T.

1. Decca T. 124/5.
2. English Columbia LFX 92/3.
3. Columbia 67890/1 D.
4. Okeh 41476.

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▶▶ Ernest Lawson ◀◀

By ARTHUR STRAWN

IN A RECENTLY published monograph* on Ernest Lawson and his art, F. Newlin Price describes the painter as he was when he appeared in Paris as a young man of twenty, a "solid, stocky, smiling searcher." That was thirty-eight years ago; now Lawson is approaching the sixties, yet that description fits him as neatly today as then.

As far back as twenty years ago Lawson was recognized as a master, an artist whose scintillating landscapes could rightfully take their place, frame to frame, with the paintings of the famous French Impressionists. Every important museum in the country, from Dr. Albert Barnes' exclusive galleries to those of the Metropolitan, have his paintings. Yet, by that singular irony that seems to follow many of the best artists, Lawson, in spite of critical success and numerous purchases, has never been able to achieve anything like financial independence, was, in fact, as recently as two years ago teaching art in Colorado and Kansas City for a living.

Now another man under these circumstances might with some justice be forgiven a slight bitterness. But this paradox of great artistic success without commensurate economic freedom is amazingly reflected by Lawson's personality. He still smiles—not sadly, like a man who feels that he is a martyr to art, but happily, like a man who enjoys life, who finds it beautiful and dear.

Perhaps one is still more surprised to discover how earnestly Lawson still remains the searcher. When a man approaches sixty, has paintings in a score of museums and has won numerous medals and prizes with them, he might well be pardoned for the conviction that he knows pretty much of what there is to be known about painting. But Lawson is still searching.

"I'm trying to get a little more solidity in some of my masses, even if the paintings might seem less charming," he recently remarked. "I'm not sure yet if I'm succeeding at it."

Born in San Francisco, while his parents from Nova Scotia were on their way to visit the Orient, Lawson received his first art instruction in Kansas City when he was fifteen. A talented gentleman came to town, sold table cloths to the housewives and taught them how to stipple designs on the cloths. He hired young Lawson to assist him and put him to work copying Rosa Bonheur's dogs and horses on blotting paper. The boy had such facility that he was offered a permanent connection. Instead, Lawson accompanied his father, a doctor, to Mexico and there became draughtsman for a company of English engineers. He saved enough to study two years in New York and one in Europe, but his real training in art didn't begin until he returned to America and began to study at Cos Cob, Connecticut, where Twatchman and Alden Weir had established their school.

"My first landscape there was so bad," Lawson relates, "that Weir threw up his hands in amazement and said he'd never seen its equal!"

There was a heart-to-heart talk between master and pupil, and a few days later Weir noticed another painting.

"This is fine!" he declared. "Who painted it?"

LAWSON had taken his first sure step as an artist. The early days were not easy. Once he put a half-dozen canvases under his arm and ventured down to Wall Street to peddle them. As luck would have it, one of the first brokers he approached was a cultured old gentleman whose passion was translating Ibsen into English. He immediately recognized the quality of Lawson's paintings, bought several and sent friends to Lawson's studio. One of these friends, however, regarded paintings pretty much as he regarded bonds—as something on which to make money. He looked at the paintings, asked Lawson how old he was, and walked out, saying, "You'll live for years, you're no investment."

Today Lawson has his studio in an antique structure on Washington Square, a famous old building that was a foundling asylum in Colonial days, but which since then has housed the studios of such artists as Brush and Thayer. His wife is in Paris now visiting their daughter who is a sculptor there and it's a bright day in Lawson's week when he gets a letter, scribbled in French, from one of his grandchildren.

Although he is still searching for new artistic effects, his paintings have suffered no loss of charm in the process, for one of his recent Colorado canvases won the gold medal for being the finest at the National Academy exhibition last year. Apparently his palette still yields that gorgeous, sparkling color that once moved Huneker to describe it as "a palette of crushed jewels."

Ernest Lawson by F. Newlin Price, published by Ferargil, Inc., New York.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 557)

Tilden, the latter will get a letter that may give him a shock. It's mean of me to tip off Vinnie's scheme, but it's too good to keep. Should Richards be successful he's going to mail Tilden a bill covering personal instruction on the court. Vinnie's rate is $10 an hour. "It's cheap at that price," Richards adds.

At that, Tilden might pick up some pointers on volleying from his former pupil. If Big Bill's close-range play had approximated his back-court wizardry we might still be defending the Davis Cup. Tilden's disinclination to carry the fight to close quarters is the more surprising since he has the physical assets required for a net-blanketing attack.

Still, as one case-hardened sport page make-up man remarked: "I'm glad to see Tilden and Richards have resumed their rivalry; it simplifies my job. All I've got to do is slam in the standing head, 'Big Bill Beats Vinnie Again.'"

▶▶ *Sea-Going Shell*

PRINCETON'S VARSITY CREW may barge up to the stakeboats in a bizarre-looking racing shell this spring—a shell which outrages the orthodox blueprints of race-boat builders.

Whereas the regulation shell is a long, sleek creation, slim as a darning needle, with a gentle taper to a knife-like prow and a pointed stern, this Princeton hybrid is, comparatively speaking, short, stubby and plump waisted. Broad of beam, it flares widely at the midriff. A stylish stout, forsooth, conforming to the ample curves so popular in Frankie Bailey's heyday at Koster and Beals.

The Nassau freshmen rowed to many a victory in this grotesque craft last spring. They dubbed it the "Flying Dutchman." Naturally, the yearlings had to stand a lot of chaff from cynical varsity oarsmen, but the freshmen laughed last. If the proof of a shell is in the rowing, this Falstaffian-girthed contraption is not the scow it appears to be. Indeed, the varsity skeptics are now threatening to kidnap the cherubic-looking barge from the freshmen.

In rough water even the coaches—hide-bound conservatives though they be—admit that "The Dutchman" rides like an ocean liner. Its beam insures lateral stability. Had one of the highly favored Poughkeepsie contenders been boated in this skate-shaped skiff when the Hudson cut up capers last June, Cornell might not have won that swamping match.

Just one practical objection may keep the Tiger varsity from riding the "Fly-

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ing Dutchman." It measures only 52 feet from stem to stern as against the 60 feet of the conventional shell. Inasmuch as crew races are started with the rudder posts of each boat evenly aligned, you can see that Princeton will have to spot its opponents an eight-foot handicap. Eight feet seldom counts in a two-mile or Henley distance race, but it would be tantalizing to lose by a short nose because your shell wasn't as long as the other fellow's.

▶▶*Bobby Jones's Successor*

GOLFERS are still talking about "a successor to Bobby Jones." John Golden won the Agua Caliente $25,000 open. Gene Sarazen captured the La Gorce purse. Leo Diegel, of the exotic putting stance, led the Oregon open field. Phil Perkins spread-eagled the amateurs at St. Augustine. Pint-sized Abe Espinosa plucked the rich Texas Open plum. George Von Elm set the pace at Los Angeles.

"Jones's successor," it appears, is six other fellows. Page one of those composite picture artists!

GEORGE TREVOR.

The Suicide of Radio

(Continued from Page 561)

alone lies the hope of an enduring future for the radio as a source of pleasure and education.

Not for a moment, under present conditions, would the writer advocate the abolition of radio advertising. Within reasonable limits, it is obviously a financial necessity. It is now, however, defeating its own ends, for broadcaster and advertiser have so commercialized the programs that they are steadily losing their popular appeal. To make a child swallow an evil-flavored pill a sugar coating is necessary, and the coating of this particular pill has been thinned almost to the vanishing point.

Unless, then, the writing on the wall is speedily read and understood, we shall probably see the radio steadily and surely supplanted, in the public favor, by the phonograph. It is the writer's conviction that both the advertising and broadcasting gentlemen would do well to bear in mind a certain old saying to the effect that he who strives to grasp everything will presently find himself grasping nothing.

This Week's Contributors

Lewis W. Hunt is assistant city editor of the Chicago *Daily News* and a member of the teaching staff of the Medill School of Journalism. He knows his Chicago thoroughly.

Marshall Kernochan is well-known in the musical world, both as critic and composer. His articles dealing with musical matters appear regularly in the OUTLOOK.

Konrad Bercovici started out to be a musician, but the urge to write was too strong and he became an author. He was born in Roumania on June 22, 1882, and most of his early life was spent there.

Royal Intrigue in Roumania

(Continued from Page 560)

carousing, while the enemies' advance guard was but twenty miles away. . . . He has sullied everything he has touched; honor, responsibility.

Towards the fall of 1917 the Roumanian army had been rolled back by the Mackensen forces. The territory not yet in the enemy's hands was but a small corner of Moldavia. The royal court had been moved from Bucharest to Jassy. Mlle. Lambrino and her father, General Lambrino, were there. So was Carol.

King Ferdinand was anxious to make a separate peace with the enemy. Queen Marie opposed him. She staked all to win everything. Seven-tenths of the country was under the heels of the Germans. The remaining three-tenths was suffering under the even more oppressive rule and debauchery of the Russians, allies of Roumania. The worm of disintegration had already eaten into the hearts of the Muscovite troops. They treated Moldavia worse than they would have treated conquered territory. The Russian soldiers killed their officers and robbed and raped the inhabitants.

Carol, concerned only with the progress of his affair with Zizi Lambrino, took no interest in what was going on around him. The Queen was treading rather softly just then, for the Roumanians now reproached her for inveigling them into a struggle from which they had no hope of victory. The cannons France sent to Roumania by way of Russia were never delivered to the Roumanian army. The debacle of its soldiery was due in part at least to the absence of the promised artillery which never arrived. Soldiers and officers deserted in groups of hundreds and thousands. The whole army was ready to pass over to the enemy, but the Germans were not ready to receive them, and would not have known what to do with them had they come over. The Germans had enough prisoners to feed. I am copying here a note of one of the German generals to his subordinate.

Accept no Roumanian prisoners. We must consider that three of these deserters consume as much food as one of our own soldiers. Food is not over-plentiful right now and not easy to transport.

At the beginning of 1918 Russia had veered around and changed her status from ally to enemy of Roumania and her other allies. Prince Carol deserted his own army. In the guise of a Russian officer, he crossed, with Zizi Lambrino, into enemy country, and married her at a church in Odessa. All Queen Marie had to say on the subject was:

"Mlle. Lambrino is both intelligent and ambitious."

She had not one word to say about the young lady's virtues. Carol's defense was that, before deserting, he had warned his father that he was anxious to renounce the Roumanian throne and marry her; that he was disgusted with Roumanian politicians.

Long before Mussolini had proclaimed his credo, this young Prince had reached similar conclusions. A country, Carol maintained, had to be ruled by one

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strong man, with the help of twelve willing men appointed by a dictator. The fact that he was disgusted with the throne and longed to be away from the tutelage of his mother, decided Carol to desert the army, abandon his country and, on foreign territory, marry the woman he loved. ("Under the protection of the bayonets of his enemies of yesterday,"—Ferdinand's letter to his son.)

In due time, however, not because of filial affection, but because of financial necessity, Prince Carol consented to come back to Roumania with his morganatic bride, who was about to become a mother. Once on Roumanian territory he was made prisoner. While imprisoned the clique tried to poison his mind with tales of Zizi Lambrino's previous love affairs. They showed him proofs, documents and photographs to prove that the young lady was not overfaithful to him even then, while he was in jail. Carol knew too much of the machinations of the Roumanian secret service to believe what they told him. He continued to send protestations of love to Zizi Lambrino.

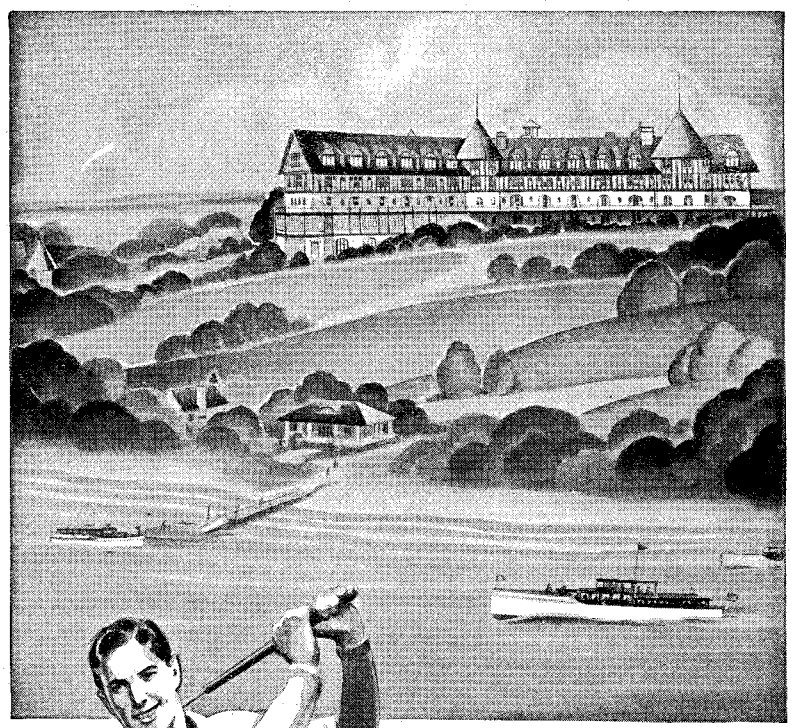
"I am your husband. I am the father of your child. Whatever happens, I will know how to shoulder my responsibilities."

Meanwhile the German army had been defeated on the west and was withdrawing hastily from the east. The Roumanian court returned with pomp and fanfare to Bucharest.

The Zizi Lambrino episode was not unwelcome to some Roumanian statesmen, Shtirbey and Bratianu included, who were planning to rid themselves of the Hohenzollern family. King Ferdinand was but a pawn in their hands. He signed decrees, letters, documents and read messages from the throne. To Queen Marie the Zizi Lambrino incident was a careless move in the checker game he was playing—a move which compelled her to rearrange her figures for the battle. As far as she was concerned, the affair had as many advantages as disadvantages. It delivered Carol into her hands, and stopped him from censoring her behavior. Carol was a weapon which she could wield against political adversaries, against Bratianu and even against Shtirbey, who had become more arrogant than she had believed even he could be.

In next week's issue Mr. Bercovici tells of Carol's renunciation of Zizi Lambrino, his morganatic wife, his subsequent marriage to the Princess Helen of Greece and Shtirbey's master stroke in involving Carol with Magda Lupescu.

To GOLF ALL ROUTES LEAD TO ST. ANDREWS



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Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of it author, together with the number of th page upon which the Remarkable Remark i to be found, must be submitted.

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The editors of the Outlook are the sol judges of the contest and are ineligible t compete. All contributions should be ser to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

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With Our Readers

Hospital Red Tape

To the Editor: *Newtown, Pa.*

SIR—In your issue of March 25th, there was an article by Edna Yost that is very good—"The Patient is Always Wrong." It is not only true in every particular, but it is so free from the smart, sophisticated bias that so many of your articles do have—a sort of "smart-Alec" style. My only sorrow is that Edna Yost did not go into a few more absurdities that the hospital red-tape makes compulsory.

I am a registered nurse, so I have known the insides of hospitals for many years, both as a nurse in training, and as the Assistant Superintendent of a small hospital. Lately, much of my time has had to be spent in hospitals as a patient, so I have had ample opportunity to see some of the ridiculous rules from every angle. When I read her article I sorrowed "Dearie, you didn't tell the half of it."

Of course, any doctor will tell you that nurses are over-educated. Why? Because nurses know only too well that many of the doctors make their money from being able to talk convincingly to fool women who don't want to know the truth. There is a surprising amount of hokum that is masquerading under the name of M.D. and the people at large are astonishingly ignorant of the inside of a hospital and what goes to make up that person in white. There has been so much idiotic "bunk" written about nurses—ministering angels in white who bend over to soothe fevered brows—that it is very difficult to hear any of the "inside stuff" at all.

A nurse is supposed to have brains—oh my, yes!—but she must never let it be suspected that she has, for it is unethical to have a thought at variance with the rules and regulations of the hospital—said rules and regulations being the product of the hospital superintendent, who is apt to be anything from a retired preacher to a farmer, but very seldom a good business man, and of the Ladies Aid plus the Board of Trustees. The dear lady members make an occasional tour of inspection, closely flanked by the Superintendent of Nurses, they have a love feast talking over all the good work that is being done, and depart to their waiting cars and chauffeurs, feeling sure that they are right in touch with the work that the Great Humanitarian taught the world—the art of healing the sick.

Of course no one place is without its faults—and also the really good work it accomplishes, too, but the foolish red tape and insistence on the fact that nurses must have reasoning power but never use it without a written order, are severe handicaps.

RUTH E. FOLLMER.

More About Testimonials

To the Editor: *Miami, Fla.*

SIR—It is splendid to know a magazine with the honest courage to publish a series like Alva Johnston's on phoney testimonials. Ever since I heard he was doing it I had been anxious to get a look at it, but I doubted I'd ever find it in publication. I understand of course that it would scarcely be a becoming thing in a magazine to accept an advertiser's money and then turn around in its editorial pages to take socks at him, but it seems to me that, as the series brought out, the ethics and standards of decent honor in advertising cigarettes in particular have established a new record for snide and shoddy methods, comparable in quality only to the promotion campaigns of runners for Parisian pleasure houses. Thank you again for the series. It could not have been better done, and I can think of few subjects that have been more completely ignored or that more deserved the exploitation you gave it.

NUNNALLY JOHNSON.

The Vanishing American

To the Editor: *Petersburg, Alaska*

SIR—Following up "Vengeance of the Redskin" in your issue of March 11th. When I was a lad attending the Carlisle School, I first heard of a book, "A Century of Dishonor," written by Helen Hunt Jackson. Everything asserted in your issue above mentioned was printed more than a century ago. Listen to what Mr. Scattergood says: "The task is the practical problem of preparation which will enable the Indian through his own and acquired resources to become an independent, self-supporting and self-respecting member of the communities which now surround him."

This agency which has robbed the Indian of his heritage, independence and self-respect has spent for Indian education $139,000,000 since 1887. Enough to have established a $40,000 schoolhouse for every 200 children, but they have in fact built 2,450 schools or enough for every 20 children. And still filth, disease and ignorance prevail among these people and they do not even have the semblance of constitutional liberty guaranteed them under the Constitution of the United States. What greater indictment can any educational agency receive than this. In comparison note the difference in assimilation of foreign illiterates and ignorant who in the span of a few years become lost as racial entities and languages in the body politic of the United States.

Let us have some more of this pitiless publicity showing up the criminal negligence of the Indian Bureau which is in the same breath, guardian, judge, jury and prosecuting attorney directing the management of Indian affairs and conniving at the same time to defraud him of his heritage, his rights and liberties as an American citizen.

LOUIS F. PAUL.

Los Angeles! There She Blows

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—Duncan Aikman's "California, the Unbeloved," draws a true indictment, but with this exception: Southern California is the culprit; San Francisco and Northern California are not guilty. Unquestionably, Los Angeles and regions south are vain, egotistical, intolerant, narrow and provincial. But 500 miles north of Los Angeles San Francisco represents all that is antithetical. There a spirit of tolerant liberalism, mature, sophisticated, modest and kindly, is all-pervading. And your San Franciscan is heartily ashamed of his southern brother.

JEROME RENITZ.

Candid Criticism

To the Editor: *Madison, Wis.*

SIR—Since recently resuming relations with the OUTLOOK as a subscriber thereof, I have been greatly pleased with some features of the publication, and greatly amused at others. I admire your courage in publishing those articles attacking the hospital system that is spreading its malignant growth all over the nation—vast monument to the mental and physical ills of humanity that are being fostered by the medical "profession." I wonder if you will dare to let any light in on the fakery and falsity of that same "profession." Yes, I know that same "profession" includes many of our best and most self-sacrificing citizens, but hope that someone will let the light in on its shams and pretenses.

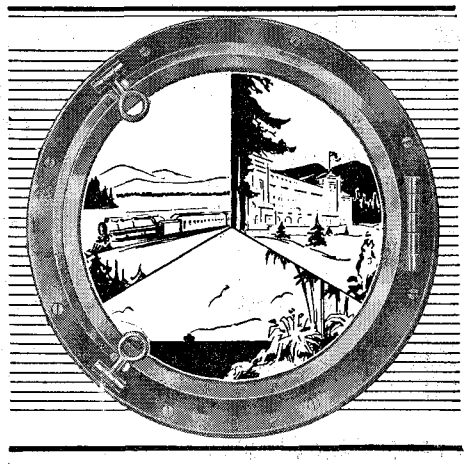
It is your attitude on the prohibition question that most amuses me, as you have therein descended to the role of parrot-like wet propagandist. Anything that sounds dry must perforce be condemned, and anything that appears a bit wet must be boosted sky-high. Because Wickersham of the famous commission, a moderate wet, after a painstaking investigation of the subject, turned out a moderately dry report, you kick him all over the place. I presume that if his report had turned out as wet as you had hoped for, you would have nominated him for president. But it's all too ridiculous for one to get mad about. Your wet editorials read as if they were ladled out to you by Henry Curran or Captain Stayton.

And your Ibby Hall, who pretends to write "From the Life," gives me a weekly (weakly rather) kick. Especially interesting was the story of the old railway section laborer who lay down to let the fast train run over him. 'Twas a very good yarn, only an old railroad man would have heard (or felt if he were too deaf) the rails singing and got out of the way long before the train came around the bend. Also, he could have jumped off the track in less time than it would take him to flatten himself out under the engine pilot. Lastly, I have never seen a locomotive (perhaps Ibby has) that stood high enough over the ties to clear a grown man lying between the rails. I fear that the old section hand would have been sadly mussed up if he had really tried that stunt. This is just in way of hinting that Ibby had better get a little closer to life.

All in all, I rather like the OUTLOOK.

WILLIAM C. DEAN.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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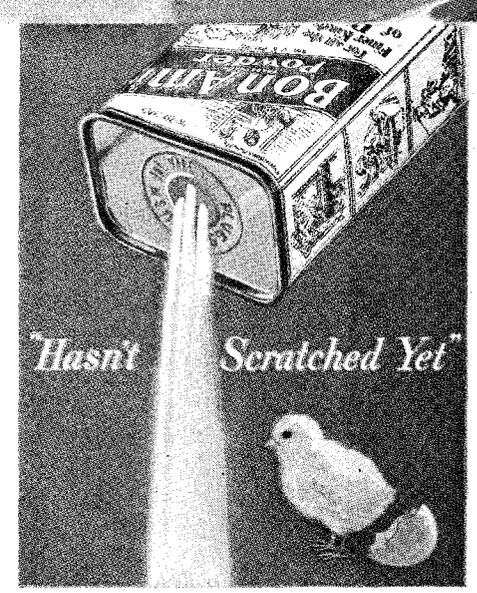

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